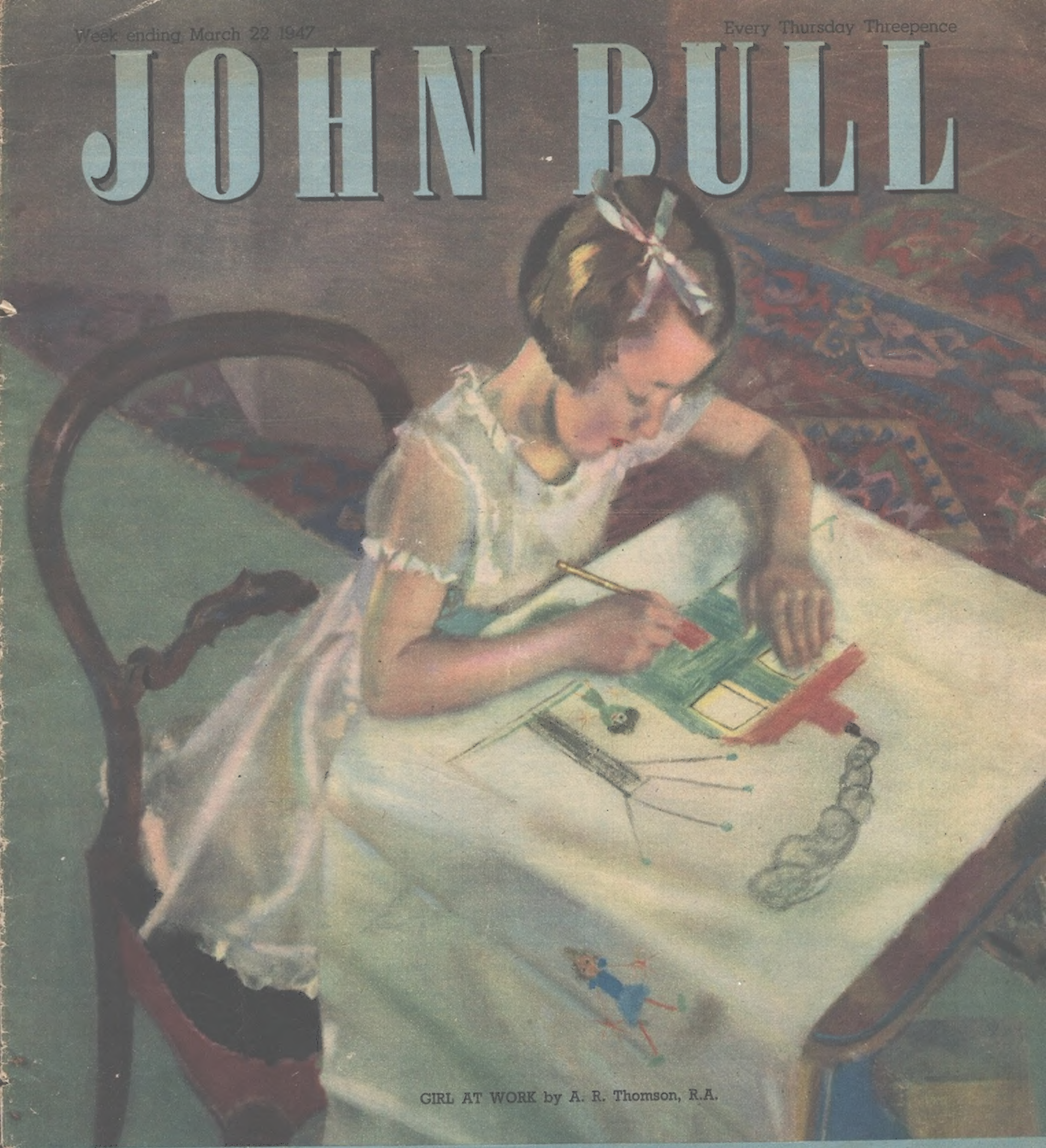
Week ending March 22 1947

Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL



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A YEAR OF PROGRESS

(figures taken from Annual Report just published)

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TOTAL FUNDS	£153,137,708

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Recovery from winter ills is helped and hastened by Angier's. It is soothing to throat and chest, and by checking coughing, aids sleep and recovery. Angier's is most palatable and is easily digested.

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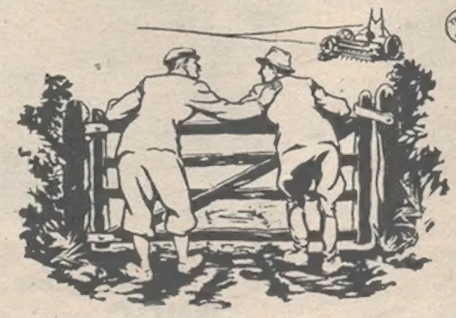

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Well, perhaps it's not quite as bad as that, but a good many Hoover cleaners today must be less efficient than they might be. Have yours inspected by a qualified Hoover representative, and given any service attention it needs. Register for this home service now by filling in and posting coupon below. Especially if you have changed your address during or after the war.

As fast as Hoover Cleaners are made they are delivered to Authorised Hoover Dealers, sound people whom you can trust.

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Please register my name and address for the Hoover home service scheme.

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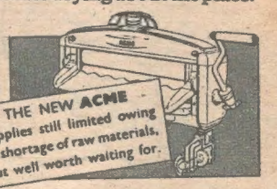

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ESSENTIAL TO PRESENT-DAY DIET

Imperative to your body's welfare is an adequate supply of those essential vitamins, A and D. You can take these two in concentrated and convenient form in Crookes Halibut Oil. Nowadays, as much as during the war, this is a wise precaution against diet deficiencies.

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HE ENJOYS SHAVING ... the liar!

Even we have never claimed that shaving can be a jolly romp. All we have done in creating Coro-Shave is to make a necessary nuisance a bit more tolerable. Monuments have been erected for less. We don't expect one.

We did expect, however, to sell a lot of Coro-Shave. And we do. Thousands of citizens now agree with us that shaving doesn't have to be done the hard way—with soap, brush and lather—unless you are a glutton for punishment. Coro-Shave makes it quick and simple, viz.: (1) *Wet face,* (2) *Smear on Coro-Shave, thinly,* (3) *SHAVE!* Even a large face takes only 3 minutes this way. And rub in any superfluous Coro-Shave—it stops soreness. You'll like it. If you don't, you won't get your money back anyway. So you'll just have to finish the pot—by which time you'll be a Coro-Shave convert for life!

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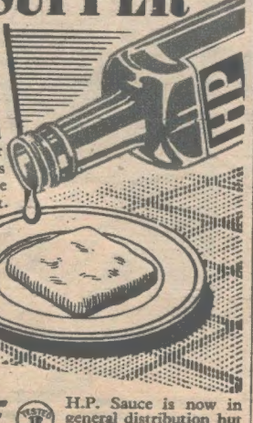
SAVOURY FOR SUPPER

H.P. RAREBIT

3 oz. grated cheese; 1 teaspoonful made mustard; one-eighth pint milk; quarter oz. margarine; 1 teaspoonful flour; salt and pepper; 1 teaspoonful H.P. Sauce.

Melt the margarine, add flour and mix well. Stir in the milk, bring to boil and stir till thick. Add the cheese, mustard, seasoning and H.P. Sauce. Stir over low heat till cheese is melted. Pour at once over slices of hot toast.

NB—All cheese dishes are improved with



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1/- A BOTTLE

H.P. Sauce is now in general distribution but supplies are still limited.

Joan Leslie

in

COMEDY OF NEWLY-WEDS

Warner Brothers' film, "Janie gets Married," is a gay blend of fun and romance, revolving round the trials of a young couple. Joan Leslie is enchanting throughout, not the least of her attributes being her lovely skin. Like nine out of ten other film stars, Joan Leslie uses Lux Toilet Soap for her peerless complexion. She relies on its rich creamy lather to keep her skin fresh and clear. This simple beauty treatment of the stars is open to all: gentle, caressing Lux Toilet Soap.

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INTRODUCING THE 'NEW HANDS' FROM ABROAD

Endla Kustlov LIKES IT HERE

"It's grand not to be in a camp," says Endla

Hailing from Estonia, she is one of the labour force of "displaced persons" recruited to fill our manpower gaps. As the Government scheme gets under way, more and more of our workers will find themselves employed alongside the "new hands" from abroad. How will they like us? How will we like them? HARRY HOPKINS deals here with the problems raised by the absorption of foreign labour

NOW, AT LAST, the Minister of Labour, George Isaacs, is repeating his "750,000 Situations Vacant" ad. across the North Sea and the Channel, inserting: "Hard Workers Only, Good Pay, All Found."

After months arguing the point, we are opening up our Pearly Gates—just a trifle. We are letting some foreign workers in.

The classic case of a nation filling a labour vacuum by planned immigration is, of course, the United States, the "American Melting Pot." Foreigners made the United States prosperous—and the United States made the foreigners Americans.

Can labour-starved Britain today repeat—in miniature—that miracle?

It wasn't easy in the U.S.A. It took several generations. We haven't that time—or that space. The ways of a Latvian village are excellent in a Latvian village—but they mayn't be so good in Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Lancs.

Still, a beginning has been made. Two thousand Estonian, Latvian and Lithuanian girls have been brought from Displaced Persons camps to work in hospitals and sanatoria all over Britain. Then, 300 Belgian girls, also in hospitals. Eight thousand private domestic servants have been imported by individuals under licence.

From Eire our hospitals (33,000 nurses short) and textile mills have drawn a sprinkling of recruits—and Mr. Shinwell has got nearly 2,000 Irish trainees for the mines. But today De Valera won't let his best young men go. Progress has been painfully slow, also, with the plan to bring in 2,800 Italian foundrymen.

They Work Hard

Let's look at some of the human beings behind the figures.

Miss Sheehan of the George V Sanatorium, Godalming, Surrey, has no doubt about how it's all working out—at any rate as far as her twenty-five Estonian wardmaids are concerned. Like all human beings, she says, some are better than others—but on the whole they're hard workers, and, what's more, they're *clean* workers and have saved her from having to close half the sanatorium.

"After six years—for the first time, we feel it's 'no war' again," explained one girl, twenty-six years old Endla Kustlov. "It is something, this feeling!"

A small girl with a nimble mind, finely cut features and one of those translucent Baltic complexions, Endla used to work in the office of the Medical Officer of Health for Tallin, Estonia's seaport capital, before the war. She was in a Displaced Persons Camp at Lubeck in Germany, working for U.N.R.R.A., when George Isaacs's invitation came round. Some other girls had written back that it was very nice in England. You weren't in a camp, they said. So. . . .

There was nothing in Germany, no clothes, no food, no toothpaste, no nothing. Now, here, first you see the money, then you go round the shops, and you buy this and that—oh, it is wonderful! And, as the girls said, you are not in a camp. It is quiet, but every girl has her own room, very small, but very precious.

Tricky Test Case

Though the girls were brought over for domestic work only, they are now to start simple nursing classes. Later, there'll be a survey to see how many are suitable to train as nurses.

It is unfortunate, perhaps, that the test case of immigration in Britain looks like being, not these girls from the Baltic, but the Polish ex-Servicemen whom the accident of war brought here in large, unselective, indigestible numbers. Two-thirds of them either didn't want to settle here or couldn't make up their bewildered minds. Then about the worst thing that could happen to any band of immigrants happened to them. They became ammunition in the warfare of party politics.

The dangers are obvious. At worst, this "foreign body" of tough, proud men could rupture that internal cohesion which is our greatest asset. At best, they could save our economy from breakdown. Are we doing enough to make sure it is the best that happens?

I went to High Wycombe in Buckinghamshire to get a glimpse of what a sociologist would no doubt call "the impact of the foreign worker on a sample English market town." A bright, busy little place of 38,000 people, few towns could be more completely English than High Wycombe: and few workers could be more "foreign" than the Poles it has put to work. Fair enough.

When I arrived in High Wycombe over a hundred Poles had been working on building sites for a month, most as labourers, a few as craftsmen. Other Poles had been found jobs in a biscuit factory, with a couple of dry-cleaning firms, as nursing orderlies in a hospital, mechanics in a garage, labourers in a timber yard. Twenty had gone off to join Bertram Mills's circus as grooms. One man was being employed as a cooper, another as a bookbinder, another as an upholsterer, a fourth as a dental mechanic.

"Impact" seemed hardly the word for it. "Infiltration"? No. Something much more prosaic and peaceful. Acceptance. There was no Polish Question here. The "foreign workers" were taken completely for granted.

In some places the Poles have become the focus of bitter controversy. In Edinburgh appeared the chalked slogan: POLES, GO HOME. But High Wycombe took them in its stride. I couldn't find a soul who had a word to say against them.

I talked with one of them, a big gentle fellow in his middle thirties, working on the foundations of a house. Ex-Sergeant Julian Roll ("maybe my grandfather was English or something, I dun' know") spent most of his war in a Bren carrier, was wounded three times, once in Poland, once in Libya, and again in Italy.

Julian Roll, like many of his comrades, is a man torn and perplexed by personal problems rooted in a dead past in a dead land. For months after the war started the letters from his wife arrived regularly. Then, suddenly, they stopped. Month after month he wrote, but, he shrugged, "no response." Tarnopol, where they lived, is now in Russia. "Maybe she can't write. Maybe she's in Russia, maybe dead. I dun' know."

There Was a Girl—

But in Hertfordshire, England, there was a girl. "Eight, nine times she take me to meet her father and mother. But my wife? Maybe dead. Maybe in Russia—who knows? How can I marry? But" —he shrugged sadly—"single, is no good!"

If they seem "proud and prickly," unsmiling and withdrawn, remember that these are not, for the most part, happy men. Ask them if they want to settle in England, and they reply with one voice, the voice of despair: "Where else I go?" Many have lost all trace of relatives and friends. Poland has ceased to exist for them.

We talked with difficulty — their English was of the slightest. The Poles, in fact, don't seem to shine as linguists. Out of 2,000 registered for jobs in this area, 1,600 had no English, 380 a little, and only eighty-six were fluent. The language problem is perhaps the major hurdle facing any immigration plan. But now many whole and part-

JOHN BULL — 186 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
Phone: TEMPLE BAR 2468 Grams: Heroically, Westcent, London
VOLUME 81 · NUMBER 2125

Making History in the Schools

YOU WANT SOME GOOD NEWS? Then go to the schools for it.

It was decided at the beginning of the year that, in spite of all the difficulties, the raising of the school leaving age to fifteen years, as provided by the Education Act, should be carried out on April 1.

But pessimists still said it couldn't be done; that lack of buildings and teachers would make it impossible to keep 370,000 boys and girls on at school for an extra year. Alternatively, that if they were kept on, conditions would be so bad that they would gain little, if anything, in knowledge and citizenship.

Now there is a reassuring answer to half the problem. There will be, says the Ministry of Education, more than enough qualified teachers to cope with the extra age groups.

The emergency training scheme has done the trick; and great credit goes to the organizers and to the 30,000-odd trainees, who have to work and live often in squalid and discouraging conditions, with huts and shacks instead of homes and colleges.

There is still a long way to go before we really have enough teachers to restore our schools to maximum efficiency. Classes generally are too big. But it is a splendid achievement that the leaving age need not remain pegged to fourteen years.

Of the other half of the problem the news is not so good. At least 600 school buildings blacklisted twenty years ago are still in use; and the proportion of schools waiting for canteen accommodation for the service of meals is enormous.

Nevertheless, April 1 will be a proud day in the history of British education. What a pity that poor Ellen Wilkinson did not live to see it!

Stopping the Land Grabbers

STILL NOT GOOD ENOUGH. That is the only possible comment on the progress of the struggle to save Britain's wild and beautiful places from the land-grabbing of the Service departments, who want them for training purposes.

Last year outraged public opinion forced a halt to such outrageous schemes as the appropriation of nearly all Dartmoor. But lately we have had something even more urgent to worry about; and instead of being cleared off Dartmoor altogether, the Whitehall generals now expect to hang on to 49,000 acres, from most of which the public is to be forever shut out.

Large areas of Dorset and Pembrokeshire have been lost, and the only good news is that Harlech's mountains and shores have been rescued.

Why must there be this continuous battle to keep the people's playgrounds for the people, to preserve our heritage of beauty, and to keep a balance in this small island between use and amenity?

The answer is that, under the existing law, the Services hold the whip hand. The preservers of beauty are on the defensive. It should, of course, be the other way round. But no less a person that Mr. Norman Birkett, chairman of the Standing Committee on National Parks, finds it necessary to plead humbly for the plans he was appointed to carry on. "The committee," he says, "fully recognizes that . . . some of the National Park areas cannot be left inviolate." Why?

That is not the way to talk to the Service chiefs, who, being only human, seek to maintain their own power and importance as well as to serve the national interest.

A new attitude is needed to this problem, which affects the health and culture of all future generations. There should be no more hole-and-corner local inquiries about individual packets of land, no more abject appeals for our national playgrounds.

There should be a national policy, enforced by Cabinet directives to the Services, who must be put on the defensive to justify every inch of precious ground they hold.

Spiteful Landlords

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED flat and house rackets flourish. And will continue to flourish until the law is strengthened.

Some 6,000 furnished let rent cases have come before the English and Welsh rent tribunals since they were set up nearly nine months ago. In a large proportion of the cases so far decided rents were reduced, sometimes by only nominal amounts, but not infrequently by anything up to three-quarters.

These results are satisfactory. But the number of appeals is by no means high enough—by a long way. Tens of thousands of families are still silent victims of the furnished let sharks because they fear reprisals if they haul their landlords before the tribunals.

The law now gives three months' protection to a tenant who appeals for a rent cut. At the end of the three months, however, the landlord, though he cannot increase a "reduced" rent by one farthing, can throw out the tenant.

Amend the law to give tenants unlimited tenure so long as they behave reasonably. That is the only way to deal with spiteful landlords.

While he is about it, Mr. Bevan should also again look into the other letting rackets to see what can be done to kill them.

Furnishing unfurnished flats as they become vacant—and doubling or trebling the rent—is far too common. "Key money" is still freely demanded by some people under very thin disguises.

Need, not money, decides who gets Mr. Bevan's newly-built homes. Money, not need, too often decides who gets many of the privately-owned houses and flats. Changes are urgently necessary.

Out of Proportion

HERE IS SOME simple arithmetic for British citizens and taxpayers.

The population of the United States is three times as big as the population of Great Britain. U.S. wealth is stupendously greater than ours.

On March 31 America abolishes compulsory military service, and reduces her armed Forces to 1,641,000.

On March 31, 1948, Britain's armed Forces will still total 1,087,000, and this year she will conscript 175,000 young men.

Compare the two nations' figures, and you see at once how much heavier in proportion is our own burden.

Flinging down that burden in despair would not help; but clearly the greatest aim of British foreign policy, next to securing world peace, must be so to arrange our affairs that we can take far more men out of uniform and put them into productive work.

The Government must not resent a ceaseless and helpful public vigilance to ensure that it pursues this course resolutely.

Continued from previous page

time teachers have been recruited to give resettlement corps men three hours' English tuition daily.

Only one of High Wycombe's new Polish citizens has managed to find a civilian billet in the town. The rest of them live in a Nissen hut camp scattered about a hillside a mile away. You'll find them there most evenings. For this primitive accommodation, and their food, they pay the landlord, the British Army, twenty-five shillings a week.

This bleak segregation is hardly an ideal introduction to English civilian life. The Poles at present seem to be the victims of one of Whitehall's fits of absence of mind—a departmental hiatus. No Ministry has yet taken over the critical job of assimilation where the Army and the Resettlement Corps leave off, though it is hoped that the National Service Hostels Association will make itself responsible for the accommodation problem.

Mostly, High Wycombe's Polish workers go into town only at weekends, to a cinema or a dance. Few know any English families, but most know at least one English girl. For High Wycombe, too, offers ample evidence in support of the famed proposition that, as far as women are concerned, "there's something about a Pole. . . ."

It is early days yet. Will the Poles on the building sites—or for that matter the Baltic girls in the sanatoria—be content to go on slogging away at this hard unskilled work which nobody else is keen to do?

Most of the High Wycombe Poles are of peasant type, but there are also craftsmen. Among the men making holes in the ground is a skilled watchmaker, a tailor, a pork butcher. And Julian Roll. In Tarnopol he was a shoemaker. "For me," he says, "this work is too hard." A local shoe-repairer has offered him a job. Can he take it? The answer is: Yes, provided no English worker wants it.

But suppose it is a job for which there *is* an English worker. May not the experience of being barred from self-improvement because one was born in the wrong country prove embittering to any man worth acquiring as a citizen? Fortunately, our labour needs are enormous and wide-ranging.

A Job for the Unions

There is only one real safeguard: turn the "foreign workers" into British workers. This is really a job for the unions—if they'd take it on. Of course, organized labour is nervous about all this. The T.U.C. has been divided on the issue; individual unions have vacillated and temporized for months. Some trades councils have demanded that the Poles should be sent home.

Labour's not unreasonable fears were well-expressed by A. C. Dann, secretary of the Agricultural Workers' Union: "My members fear that the presence of a docile foreign labour force, accustomed to lower standards of living, may handicap us in our struggle for higher wages and better conditions." And the fact is, of course, that this "docility" makes some economists keen on foreign workers at present. They seem a heaven-sent answer to the classic problem of the Better World: Who is going to do the dirty work?

A very temporary answer though. For the foreigners will not stay "docile." Or foreign. They will acquire British habits and standards—and with them, British freedom of choice. And we must do everything we can to help them to do so.

Meanwhile, Endla Kustlov, Julian Roll and the rest of them seem to be settling in quite nicely. If the solution they offer to our "dirty work" problem will only be temporary, they can be a permanent answer to the "too-few-hands" problem which has certainly come to stay.

We British are a people of very mixed stock. Need we fear a little new blood now? Isn't it, on the contrary, just what we need at this juncture?

But the operation of transfusion must be carefully controlled and scientific. If we try to carry it out with a rusty nail and any old bit of piping, anything may happen.

DOWN disharmony LANE

by CYRIL JAMES

There is discord in Britain's "Tin Pan Alley." Allegations of "song plugging" and criticism of B.B.C. dance music point to some causes of the trouble. What are the remedies?

WITHIN A DRUMSTICK'S THROW of Cambridge Circus, London, lies the rather murky area where most of Britain's song and dance music is published. Call it Charing Cross Road, Denmark Street, Gerrard Street or Archer Street, it still adds up to Tin Pan Alley.

Here are produced the tunes that bring some dance halls £10,000 worth of business every year, and yield an unguessable sum in radio, film, recording, stage and screen royalties.

Ordinarily, London's Tin Pan Alley is a lively and light-hearted place despite (or perhaps because of) the bitter professional feuds that bubble just beneath surface-level. You can sign a £15,000 contract, bawl out a new song in a back-room audition, or buy a new mouthpiece for a trombone. All in the same small area.

But these days a heavy depression is centred off Cambridge Circus. And the overall picture that induces the gloom includes such unexpected figures as Sir Valentine Holmes, K.C., Sir William Haley, Director-General of the B.B.C., the ordinary listener who thinks dance band music isn't quite as good as before the war—and a vast number of small children who won't practise the piano.

Palm-oiling

Let us deal with the causes of gloom in order.

It has been announced that Sir Valentine Holmes, while making his B.B.C. inquiry into relations between light music publishers and performers, has unearthed evidence that artists have from time to time received payments to broadcast particular numbers. To the men who make their living in Tin Pan Alley, this is rather like announcing that: "Sir Chancery Lane, K.C., has secured evidence, which he will present to the appropriate Ministry, that many tobacconists who display the 'No Cigarettes' sign have, in fact, hidden cigarettes which they are prepared to sell to favoured customers."

While it would not be true to assume that all music publishers and light entertainers use song plugging, there are some—human nature and commercial competition being what they are—who neglect no available method of putting a song-hit over.

For, in Charing Cross Road, song plugging has been for years the best-kept secret of all, simply because everybody knew about it.

Song plugging was a device invented by some music publishers themselves. It was brought to a fine art, perfected in all its deviations, adapted to the non-commercial broadcasting system of the B.B.C., and finally accepted as part of daily life—just like paying the taxi-driver extra money for a journey home from the railway station late at night.

This is how it all works. Music publishers know that one way to make money is to await the arrival of a composer who may be carrying in his little brief-case a song which equals in public appeal such hits as "We'll Gather Lilacs" (Ivor Novello) or "I'll See You Again" (Noel Coward).

That happens very, very rarely.

Yet even when it does, the publisher runs against

Charing Cross Road, London, the heart of Britain's music-publishing centre—where professional feuds bubble beneath the surface level

obstacles the trade itself has created. He may have two similar numbers on his spring catalogue which he is prepared to back with all his resources. And he may have contracted to boost American film tunes. Our song writers complain that American tunes get most of the plugging, anyway!

But assume the publisher sees possibilities in the song the composer has brought along and played over on the back-room piano. He knows clearly the next move he must make. He has to get that song on the air—whether it is played on the cinema organ, harmonica, piano, zither or musical saw.

In the United States, where commercial broadcasting gives the freedom of the air to scores of broadcasting stations, this is merely a matter of ringing up the right contacts. In an atmosphere of hard logic and harder finance, the whole thing can be fixed over a lunch-date.

In Great Britain the publisher has to make his first cautious approaches to people who have access to our temple of non-commercial broadcasting—the B.B.C. The easiest way is to contact a dance band leader who has just signed a contract for a number of broadcasts.

"In the Red"

Has the band leader finally fixed the numbers he is going to play to the listening millions? Not exactly. He is still undecided. He is prepared to examine any numbers the publisher may bring to his attention. And he is more than ready for a little business talk because he has just been considering the melancholy financial aspect of his contract.

The B.B.C. usually pays a twelve-piece band about £42 for a thirty minute broadcast. The leader of that band pays his men £36 in salaries for the work. If this broadcast is his great chance, he may have paid up to £90 for special orchestrations. So, despite his coveted B.B.C. date, he remains financially "in the red."

In the early days of song plugging, discussions then continued with diplomatic discretion.

These days, a band leader usually submits his programme to the publisher's agent who ticks off each item with the comments . . . "Plug . . . non-plug . . . non-plug . . . plug . . . plug . . ." and tots up the entire amount he is prepared to pay.

In perfecting the plugging system, the publishers and their agents created their own Frankenstein.

Some artists also got the idea. Prominent singers went from publisher to publisher "raising the ante" in fees for inflicting a particular song on the listening public. Dance band leaders with assured B.B.C. contracts—and remember that radio-time is the only thing that matters to the song plugger; dance hall non-broadcast sessions are of no interest—began to play agent against agent.

Like all under-the-counter schemes, song plugging has long degenerated into a vicious circle which finally helps only the man with the most money and injures the industry as a whole.

Proof of this is seen in the present state of the light music industry. Sales of sheet music have fallen to an all-time low. British dance music tails behind American numbers and, to the ordinary listener and dancer, appears to to have fallen from its prewar standard.

Grumbles All Round

Relationship of publishing and performing sections of the industry with the B.B.C. has drifted into a tangle which the present inquiry will have a hard task to straighten.

Small dance bands protest bitterly that they are not given a fair chance of survival. The big band leaders are almost as disgruntled and are insisting on better pay, better times on the air.

The publishers, alarmed at the falling sales, are campaigning to get the dance bands on the air between 7 p.m. and 10 p.m., when some ten million listeners are tuned in. Now, they say, most dance band times are at nine in the morning (when only 2,000,000 listen) and between eleven and noon (when the figure drops to an estimated 900,000).

Their anxiety for increased listening is understandable. The piano-score of a popular number, printed at a cost of a few pence, can sell in hundreds of thousands at two shillings a time, once radio whips up public interest and demand.

At this point reluctant youth makes its appearance. The publishers are most upset at the growing decline of interest in piano-playing at home. Gone are the days when unnumbered thousands milled to buy copies of "Little Dolly Daydream" (easy arrangement) in order to astound aunts and uncles with examples of parlour virtuosity.

And now we come back to the central figure of the picture—the sombre figure of Sir Valentine Holmes, K.C., who in recent weeks has been receiving the testimony of as surprising an array of witnesses as he has encountered in a long legal career. Sir Valentine, it is reported, has heard all about B.B.C. music hall artists who have contracted to broadcast at twelve guineas a time and then have broken the terms of that contract by accepting twenty-five guineas from outside sources.

What is to be made of this tangle of commercial interests, State restrictions and understandable personal ambition and enterprise? What practical effects can the B.B.C. inquiry have, not only on the future conduct of the Corporation's own business, but also the British light music industry?

One thing seems fairly clear.

Elimination of the system of song plugging will give greater opportunities to the thousands of young musicians who are trying to form new bands and are putting all the vigour of their fresh outlook into the form and shape their dance music takes.

There are hundreds and hundreds of such bands and no more than two per cent of them ever even

PRIESTLEY'S PAGE

World-famous author J.B. Priestley gives his verdict every week on topics raised by readers of John Bull

Q. "No one grudged R.A.F. aircrews their eggs or oranges in wartime. Should we now take the same attitude to extra rations for the miners? Or is the creation of a new privileged class of worker a bad thing?"

THIS is a very important question. The other day I read a criticism of the American term "under-privileged" for poor and rather helpless people on the ground that if it was bad to be under-privileged, then it was good to be privileged, which seemed to the writer quite absurd.

But I for one do not agree. I am in favour of privilege, not of the old kind, which gave some of the most useless people in the community the biggest advantages, but of the new kind, which might be described as "functional privilege." We do in fact recognize the existence of this, but in my view we do not go far enough.

Thus, functional privilege allows men doing heavy manual work to have more meat than sedentary workers. It allows doctors to acquire new cars before the ordinary citizen can. (Of course, if there are no shortages, many of these privileges are unnecessary. I assume here that shortages will continue.)

There should be more and not fewer of these privileges. It may be necessary to begin with the miners, the need for coal being so urgent, but as soon as possible other types of workers should have their own particular privileges. (Professional writers could do with one or two, of which one would be special travel facilities.)

It is, in my opinion, a great mistake to imagine that the British people want everybody to be on the same dead level. It is what seem to them unjustified privileges that they resent. But new privileges, carefully distributed among all kinds of workers (and a housewife is a worker, and so am I), would provide new incentives and give variety and colour to our life. This is, of course, the Soviet system, which was put into force after it was found that the dead level of the earlier revolutionary period did not provide sufficient incentives to workers.

We need not go as far as the Russians have done, but a move forward in that direction would certainly help to solve some of our problems.

Q. "Raising one's hat to a woman, offering her one's seat in the bus—are such gestures out of keeping with the modern ideal of sex equality?"

NO. I think there is some confusion here. Let us take a concrete example. Miss Jones is a teacher, and is responsible for a class of thirty children. Now in my view Miss Jones as a teacher is entitled to the same salary and privileges as her colleague, Mr. Robinson, who is also responsible for a class of thirty children. If the responsibility is the same and the work is the same, then the pay and privileges should be the same. That is sex equality.

But that is no reason why Mr. Robinson should not raise his hat to Miss Jones. He does this in another sphere of relationships altogether. He is raising his hat to Miss Jones as a woman.

It would be a terrible anthill of a world if men and women stopped recognizing all sex differences in their private lives. (Actually, of course, this world could not go on.)

I am not pretending that all the charming gestures of chivalry can survive when men and women are doing the same kind of work. Respectable young Victorian ladies were not supposed to go out alone. (This suggests there was a good deal of anti-chivalry about.) But there is no reason why the small charming courtesies between the sexes should not exist in a world of economic sex equality.

I must drop a hint, however, that if the men are still asked to be gentlemanly at times, the women must respond by being ladylike.

Q. "What is your view of flying as a passenger?"

I AM no authority on air travel, for although I have flown a good deal in various parts of Europe, I have not made any of the really long-distance flights—to India or Australia, for instance.

The air is, of course, wonderfully convenient at times. Thus, not long ago, I left Vienna after breakfast and was home in London in the early afternoon. To travel rail-sea-rail from Vienna to London would be a long, wearisome business. And the air saves you all the fuss of embarking and disembarking and a good deal of the Customs and passport nonsense.

But although it has its glorious moments, it does not seem to me a very pleasant way of travelling. There are too many early starts and there is too much hanging about at cold, windy airports, which always seem to me most depressing places.

I do not suffer from air sickness, but a very bumpy journey in the air is not my idea of fun. Again, a few hours in the air seem much longer to me than a whole day in a train or a ship. There is usually not much to see, and often it is difficult to settle down to read, talk or sleep.

Except on one or two nasty occasions, I have not been conscious of being afraid, but no doubt I suffer from a good deal of apprehension just below the level of consciousness, and this may explain why I find it difficult to settle down to pass the time and why I feel that air journeys seem so long and tedious.

A serious drawback, which I have not heard mentioned much lately, is that you can take only a limited amount of luggage by air, and therefore must either travel light or send on your heavy luggage by sea and rail well in advance. Again, the cost tends to be far too high.

A final objection to air travel—and the most serious of all—is that its amazing speed can produce both physical and psychological disturbances in its passengers. And I suspect that frequent air travel, with all the strain involved, may shorten the lives of public men. A sea journey gives a busy man a welcome respite from all his customary cares and duties, and is usually a tonic in itself.

But to work hard in London, fly to New York, then be plunged straight into hard work there—this is no life for elderly, tired men. We may yet pay a very heavy price for all this speed.

∴ If you have a question for Mr. Priestley send it on a postcard to the Editor. No letters, requests or appeals, please

Continued from previous page

achieve a twenty minutes' broadcast. They know, of course, that they have a long way to travel before they can reach the standard of Britain's "Big Six" dance bands.

A typical example is Harry Brooker. He has been in the dance business for ten years, has played lead in a No. 1 band, has broadcast and appeared on the stage. Now he has formed his own band. Average age of the musicians is twenty-four; they have all been in the Services.

Such bands make a living by playing at one-night stands all over the country. Wages, controlled by the Musicians' Union, work out at about £3 per man per engagement with travelling and hotel allowances. An instrumentalist, with a bit of luck, can make a steady £15 a week.

But the publicity which broadcasting brings is vital to beginner-bands. Song plugging doesn't bring them any additional money because publishers are not interested in unknown performers. So Harry Brooker is hoping, like many hundreds more, that the results of the B.B.C. inquiry will give the smaller bands some degree of freedom on the air.

The big dance band leaders, the men who have arrived, are also hoping that the shake-up will react to their benefit. They have their grievances, too. Apart from deciding to ask the B.B.C. for a short-term agreement providing more dance band programmes at peak times, they want higher fees.

I believe that a lot of the gloom around Charing Cross Road will lift if something in the nature of a sensible plan for British dance music emerges. Musicians assure me they would welcome, at least, these six points:

1. A New Band of the Week which should be given a broadcast at some time between 7 and 10 p.m.

2. Stepping up of the fees paid by the B.B.C. to all dance bands. Musicians feel it is ridiculous that leaders should lose money by appearing in B.B.C. programmes.

3. Leaders to be given a special fee. (Their men are safeguarded by union agreement.)

End Song Plugging

4. A real brass-tacks effort to eliminate song plugging. Musicians seldom feel like playing their best if they know their leader has pulled off "arrangements" with publishers. What does the music matter if the whole affair is covered by a hidden financial guarantee? This, they say, is one reason for falling standards of broadcast dance music.

5. Another effort to raise the standard of British dance music. Whatever may be the opinion of advanced swing fans, the ordinary listener holds a firm view that dance music isn't as enjoyable as it was before the war.

6. A drive to divorce Britain from the United States as regards dance music. Musicians ask: "Must we always tail behind the Americans? Why not start something they will imitate for a change?"

These are the sort of points which young musicians are discussing today. It is certain that the millions who dance throughout Britain every week night will be behind them.

Of course, publishers themselves would be delighted to see new British song-hits in every dance hall in the country. The revenue would stay in Charing Cross Road, with no trans-atlantic cuts.

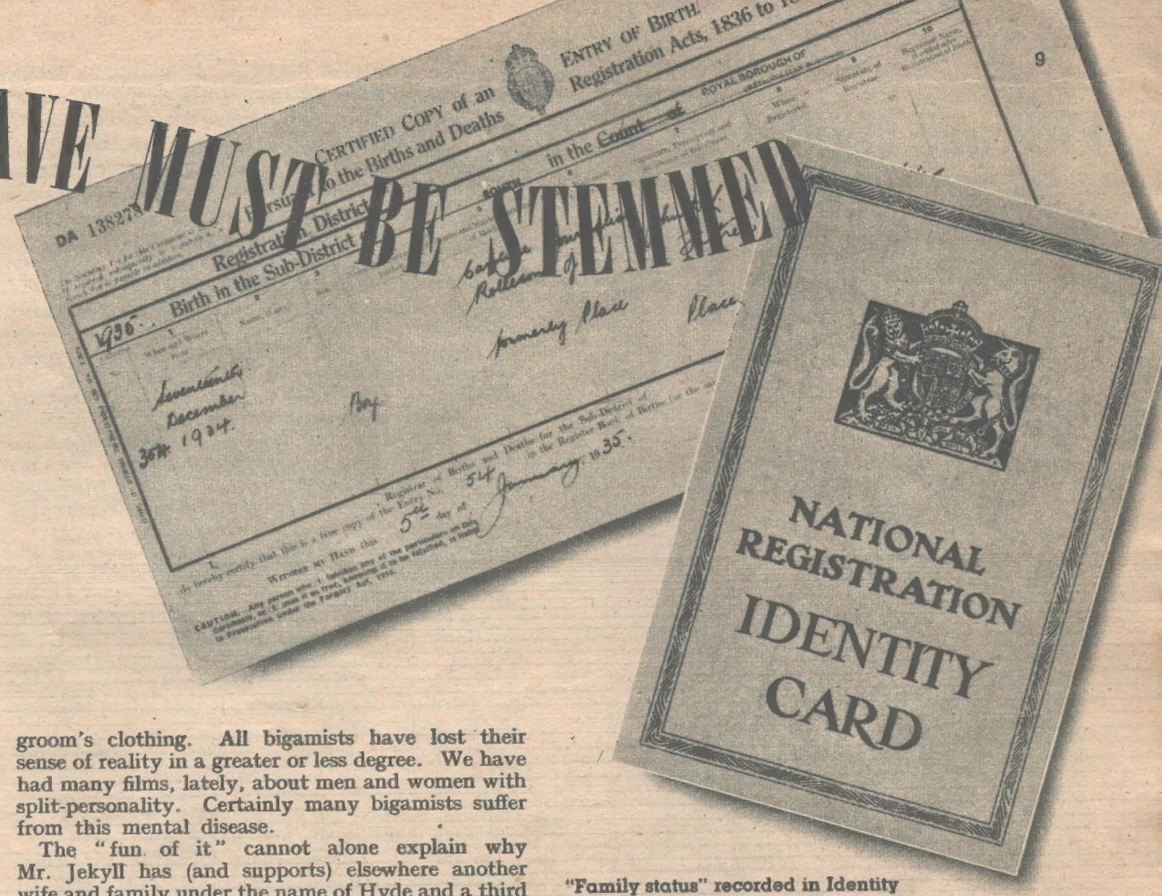
So, although heads are being shaken gloomily in Tin Pan Alley today, this possibly results from the depression which precedes any thunderstorm.

The first rumblings are certain to come from Broadcasting House, but how many reputations, private arrangements, reciprocal plans for the future, tie-ups and musical blocs are likely to be shattered and overthrown before the wind dies down, is anybody's guess at all.

THE BIGAMY WAVE MUST BE STEMMED

Easy to commit, hard to detect, bigamy, the meanest of all rackets, is on the increase. Prevention is better than cure, and practical means of prevention must be devised to guard society against the "Jekyll and Hyde spouses," today enjoying dangerous freedom

by LESLIE BREWER



"Family status" recorded in Identity Cards might help to counter bigamy. Alternative might be to add details of marriage to birth certificates, which would have to be produced before marriage could be sanctioned

THE MAXIMUM SENTENCE for bigamy is the same as the punishment for building without a licence—seven years' loss of liberty.

Unlike building materials, love, affection, a woman's need for children are not controlled—officially. But there has always been a greater demand by women for fulfilment than there have been men legally free to meet their needs. Whenever demand exceeds supply there is always temptation and opportunity for the racketeer. The marriage-market is no exception. Just as there are "black" builders there are also bigamists—and plenty of them.

That bigamy had increased in the last six years was, until recently, only an impression unsupported by figures. Some facts are now available.

In the mid-war years, 1942-1943, convictions for bigamy increased by forty per cent. It was not, as many might think, the younger, less responsible Servicemen under thirty who caused this increase. The most marked rise was in the number of men convicted in the thirty to forty age group: nearly half of all bigamists were men in this class. Seventy per cent of bigamists are over thirty. (Three or four, each year, are over sixty.)

Bigamists are not, of course, always men. Eighty-four women were convicted in 1943. The increase in female bigamy was undoubtedly due to the war and the long absence of husbands overseas.

No Controls in This

There is an elaborate system of checks and counter-checks existing to curtail the activities of the "black" builder: an army of officials exists to enforce the food regulations. To commit bigamy, however, is "as easy as buying a dog licence" as Mr. Justice Wrottesley said the other day. On a previous occasion he had remarked: "The Government do not seem to take the least interest to try to prevent these things."

As bigamy is so easy to commit and hard to detect, it is certain that the figures don't tell half the illegal "marriage" story.

Why, knowing the penalties for bigamy (Lord Russell pointed out that they could be as much as seven years and two—or more—mothers-in-law), do men persist in this crime?

It is not sufficient to say "because it is scandalously easy to commit, and the risks of detection are not high." Nor can bigamy be explained away by saying that a lot of married men are, by nature, Don Juans. That may, or may not, be true. The point is that it seems to be only a special type of man who carries his Don Juanism as far as the altar—who finds it necessary to be a wolf in bridegroom's clothing. All bigamists have lost their sense of reality in a greater or less degree. We have had many films, lately, about men and women with split-personality. Certainly many bigamists suffer from this mental disease.

The "fun of it" cannot alone explain why Mr. Jekyll has (and supports) elsewhere another wife and family under the name of Hyde and a third family under the name of R. L. Stevenson, Esq. A man does not act for twenty-four hours a day for years; his performance must have gone beyond being conscious. Mr. Jekyll *is* also Messrs. Hyde and Stevenson.

One of the most remarkable facts about bigamy is that, again and again, the victim comes into court and says that her deceiver was "the perfect husband: he was everything a husband should be." Few women are fortunate enough to have a man specially made for them; some bigamists, in fact, *do* this for a woman. They create another self, designed to charm and please a particular victim.

More Like a Disease

Harsh punishment does not cure this type of man: bigamy is often more a disease than a crime. But, disease or crime, it has been pointed out that bigamy, "apart from being a public wrong, inflicts a terrible, often permanent, private injury upon an individual."

Many people, particularly women, are concerned at the indifference shown by the State to a crime so easy to commit yet causing damage beyond repair. "Lady-killers," known to be such, enjoy a freedom unthinkable for other dangerously unbalanced persons. And our safeguards against deception, either by a petty crook or an emotionally sick man, are ridiculously inadequate.

The safeguards existing today were designed for a more or less static, parochial community. We still depend upon little more than banns read in a church and the contracting couple's word for it that there are no "impediments." Such safeguards today offer little protection.

In England there are many more official checks existing to prevent irregular divorce than there are to control irregular marriages. More documentary proof is required to prove a man's entitlement to half a pound of tea today than is asked of him when he claims a right to enter into marriage.

It certainly should not be beyond the powers of Whitehall, in these days of controls, to make it impossible for any person, still legally married, to appear again before a clergyman or registrar.

There have been many proposals for making deception harder. The Home Secretary is reported to be arranging for identity cards to show the facts. More crook-proof is the suggestion of Mr. Mottershead, a Manchester solicitor, that all marrying couples should have the facts recorded on their birth certificates at Somerset House. These would have to be produced whenever either party was remarried.

One thing is certain. In this matter of marriage the individual is less able to protect herself than at any other time. Love and doubt (and documents) do not go together. Non-commissioned Servicemen had their marriage status recorded in their paybooks, but it was an unusual young woman who asked for the book to be produced: a woman in love accepts her man's word. That is why bigamy is so easy—and the meanest of all crimes. The bigamist counts on the trust and blindness of love and, sometimes, the refusal of a woman in love to listen to reason, common sense and advice from parents and friends.

The official attitude so far has been: "Your marriage is your own funeral. If it proves to be bogus, and you have been hoodwinked by the show of law and clergy we lend on application to anyone, that is too bad. However, we will punish the bigamist for you."

It's up to the State

Society today is prepared to give the full weight of its sanction to a marriage, any marriage, after only the most perfunctory inquiries. The damage done by bigamy is too great, too anti-social, for this attitude to be allowed to continue. The State must make certain what the individual cannot: that it, at least, will not be deceived.

We are rightly concerned about the increased effects of divorce upon the national life. Some 50,000 couples are expected to seek divorce this year. Even with that record figure, for every fifty marriages broken in the divorce courts another two will be found void in prosecutions for bigamy.

Divorce, sometimes, cannot be prevented. Bigamy, with its train of even greater heart-break and children's suffering, can and must be prevented.

KNOW THE GERMANS (2)

MYTH OF THE MASTER RACE

The decline and fall of Hitler's Third Reich proved German super-efficiency to be a bogey without basis. In this second article of a John Bull series, MILTON SHULMAN presents new and striking evidence of this gleaned from his interviews with German generals while he was serving as a Canadian intelligence officer in Europe

EVER since the days of Bismarck a whole parade of German historians, philosophers, statesmen and soldiers has asserted that Germans are more efficient than, and therefore superior to, the other peoples of the world. It is about time that this claim was thoroughly examined and exposed, once and for all, for the myth that it really is.

The evidence is to hand. Now is the ideal moment to make the truth known—while the Foreign Ministers of the Allied Powers are busily discussing the future of Germany. For there is little doubt but that much of the world's attitude to Germany in the past has been conditioned by the fear of an overwhelming Teutonic force that was irresistible in its might.

For any who still have a lingering regard for dictatorship as a political system and for the Germans as a super-efficient people, the true story of the Third Reich's part in the second World War should be a realistic eye-opener.

The Nuremberg trial has revealed some of the political blunders. The economic mistakes were just as damaging.

Manpower in Germany was never mobilized to anything like the extent that it was in Great Britain. Despite the enormous casualties suffered in Russia and North Africa, German women were not recruited on any large scale into either industry or the armed services.

Except for a few girls engaged in anti-aircraft work, there were no women's military services. Aside from a limited number working on the land, German industry employed fewer women in this war than it did in the first World War.

As late as August, 1944, following the Allied victory in Normandy, a decree was issued by Goebbels to raise more manpower for industry. This showed that non-essential activities such as music halls, cabarets, schools of acting, art colleges, and trade schools could still be drawn upon to recruit "several hundred thousand persons."

Incompetence in High Places

Most of the German war plants persisted in working with only one shift. During the last year of Germany's war effort more than eighty per cent of all workers were engaged in such factories.

In a nation fighting for its life, notoriously incompetent men continued to hold high office. There was constant dissention and quarrelling. Goering, Hitler's heir-designate, and Bormann, the Fuehrer's secretary, hated each other so much that immediately after Hitler's death Bormann ordered the arrest of Goering, and one of the Reichsmarshal's first statements on being taken into custody by the Allies was: "Everybody knew my first move would have been to liquidate Bormann."

Rarely has there been a man who so consistently provided the wrong answers in the field of foreign affairs as did Ribbentrop. Hitler nevertheless relied on Ribbentrop's judgment.

Dr. Ley, an inveterate drunkard for years, supervised the important fields of housing and foreign labour. Goering, a notorious drug addict, so mishandled the Luftwaffe that one Luftwaffe general on his arrest pouted: "We were like telephone poles—even the little dogs didn't respect us."

But nowhere did German inefficiency display itself in more lurid colours than in her conduct of the military side of the war.

A military dictator who was convinced that he could never be wrong and an unyielding discipline that made disobedience impossible were the primary factors.

Rarely in modern warfare has there been a group of military commanders so uninformed about both their own troops and those of the enemy.

The war was hardly a few months old when a fortuitous event occurred which had far-reaching repercussions on the activities of German commanders. On the night of January 9, 1940, a German plane lost its way in a thick fog and landed at Mechelen-sur-Meuse in Belgium. One of its passengers, a Major Rheinberg, was carrying detailed plans of the invasion of the Low Countries.

Invasion of Britain as Hitler planned it. The Nazis verdict: invasion idea was "nonsense"—the prosp

Subsequently, while being questioned at a Belgium headquarters, he tried to destroy his papers by throwing them into a coal stove. A quick-witted Belgian soldier plunged his hand into the red-hot stove and retrieved them before they had been badly damaged.

One result of this incident was a large-scale revision of the plans. A much more important result was an order from Berlin that under no circumstances was any commander to be informed of any operation which did not immediately concern him. A divisional commander was to know only what affected his own immediate divisional front, and he was not to be told what the divisions on his flanks were doing unless their actions involved his operation. This restriction went all the way up the military ladder and it was even true for commanders-in-chief of the various fronts.

Field Marshal Kesselring in Italy never knew what reserves were available to Field Marshal von Rundstedt in France. Neither knew what was happening in Russia.

As the war progressed this policy developed more and more serious repercussions. Divisions held fast

Hitler kept his generals in the dark.... Montgomery's opposite number didn't know the Ardennes offensive was planned until eight days before it started

Nazi secret agents were overrated.... They told Hitler there were thirty-nine divisions in Britain after Dunkirk (actual strength was only two or three)

ed inland thrusts would isolate London. Rundstedt's even blunted the edge of the Fuehrer's fanaticism

in Normandy with no knowledge that the front on their left had been torn open and that they were being encircled; the Luftwaffe carried out sorties without notifying the troops over whom they flew, so that men on the ground spent time and ammunition trying to knock down their own planes.

Even so senior an officer as Colonel-General Student, who, as Commander of Army Group "H" in Holland and Germany, held a command equivalent to that of Field Marshal Montgomery's, told me that he knew nothing of the Ardennes offensive until only eight days before it occurred. Divisional commanders flanking this final Wehrmacht offensive confessed to me that they first heard of it over the German radio.

German commanders were also woefully misdirected as to what was happening on the enemy's side. One of the most surprising, and at the same time most reassuring, postwar revelations has been that German military intelligence was astonishingly inaccurate and ineffectual.

The cunning of the German agent has for years been a favourite topic of the adventure novelist. Both before and during the war the shadow of a super-spy organization centralizing the work of such dreaded agencies as the Gestapo, the Abwehr, the Sicherheitsdienst, the Auslands Organization, threatened the world with its ramifications and power. Seldom has a body of men been so overrated. Rarely has an armed force been so badly served by its intelligence service.

Three dominating factors—Hitler, discipline and ignorance—combined to make Germany stumble into mistake after mistake until she had irretrievably lost the war. Let us examine the motives that governed the decisions of the Supreme Command at three decisive turning points—Dunkirk, the failure to invade England, and Russia.

It was the end of May, 1940. The British Army had been caught against the Channel and trapped on the beaches of Dunkirk. Yet, despite the vulnerability of the Allied force, no serious German attempt was made to destroy it, and more than 325,000 British and Allied troops were safely evacuated to Southern England.

The explanation was given to me by Field Marshal von Rundstedt. "Had I had my way the English would not have got off so lightly at Dunkirk," he said. "But my hands were tied by direct orders from Hitler himself. While the English were clambering into the ships off the beaches, I was kept uselessly outside the port unable to move.

"I recommended to the Supreme Command that my five panzer divisions be immediately sent into the town and thereby completely destroy the retreating English. But I received definite orders from the Fuehrer that under no circumstances was I to attack, and I was expressly forbidden to send any of my troops closer than ten kilometres from Dunkirk.

"This incredible blunder was due to Hitler's personal idea of generalship. The Fuehrer received daily statements of tank losses incurred during the campaign, and by a simple process of arithmetic he deduced that there was not sufficient armour available at this time to attack the English. He did not realize that many of the tanks reported out of action one day could, with a little extra effort on the part of the repair crews, be made to fight in a very short time.

"The second reason for Hitler's decision was the fact that on the map available to him at Berlin the ground surrounding the port appeared to be flooded and unsuitable for tank warfare. . . . Hitler decided that the cost of an attack would be too high when the French armies to the south had not yet been destroyed."

Why Invasion Didn't Come Off

The next important blunder was soon to follow. The decision not to invade England in the autumn of 1940 can be attributed to three main factors—the unpreparedness of the German General Staff, bad intelligence and Adolf Hitler. For while the German people were gleefully singing "Wir fahren gegan England" ("We're marching against England"), the planning staffs were not so confident.

To be successful an invasion of England had to be assured of three conditions — complete air superiority, favourable weather, and protection of the flanks of the invasion zone by mining and naval forces. The majority of the senior officers of the German Army were most sceptical about the ability of the German Navy and Air Force to guarantee such conditions. But since the Fuehrer had ordered planning to begin, they went to work.

According to Colonel-General Franz Halder, the Army Chief of Staff at this time, the projected invasion, known as operation "Sea Lion," was to be carried out by an army group of three armies led by Field Marshal von Rundstedt. This force, totalling in all between twenty-four and twenty-six divisions, had been stationed along the French coast from Le Havre to Holland and was to be transported across the Channel in three waves.

The general plan was to land on the southern coast of England and then advance step by step northwards and occupy the area between the south coast and a line drawn through Midhurst—Guildford—the North Downs. This area was to be used as a base for further operations which envisaged the occupation of Southern England up to the line Gloucester—Oxford—Hertford—Maldon.

The capture of London itself seems to have been outside these first objectives, and it was planned merely to isolate the capital by surrounding it from the north as soon as the Thames had been crossed west of the city. The tentative invasion date set by Field Marshal Keitel was September 21, 1940.

The Fuehrer Funked It

Despite the definite character of these plans, there seems to have been little enthusiasm for the operation either on the part of the commanders involved or of Adolf Hitler himself. One of the most pessimistic of all was von Rundstedt.

"The proposed invasion of England was nonsense," said the Field Marshal, "because adequate ships were not available. We looked upon the whole thing as a sort of game, because it was obvious that no invasion was possible when our navy was not in a position to cover a crossing of the Channel or carry reinforcements. Nor was the German Air Force capable of taking on these functions.

"I also have a feeling that the Fuehrer never really wanted to invade England. He never had sufficient courage. He used to say: 'On land I am a hero, but on water I am a coward.' Hitler definitely hoped that the English would make peace overtures to him."

Von Rundstedt has admitted that England at this time was a "Sphinx." No reliable information was to hand. The planner received the bad guesses of the intelligence staffs. Just how wrong they were about the size of the forces available in England in the autumn of 1940 is best revealed by an operation order of von Rundstedt's Army Group "A" which was issued at the beginning of September. In this remarkable document the British Army is appreciated as having "seventeen divisions for coastal defence" and "twenty-two divisions in the London area as a tactical and operational reserve."

With a potential force of thirty-nine enemy divisions against them no wonder the General Staff was hesitant about committing a mere twenty-six divisions in an invasion across the Channel. In fact no such fantastic force existed in England at the time. Barely a hundred tanks and two or three equipped divisions would have been the best England could have mustered in those days.

As Churchill put it on April 23, 1942, to a secret session of the House of Commons, "In 1940 an invading force of perhaps 150,000 picked men might have created mortal havoc in our midst."

Had the German General Staff known the true strength of the land forces in Britain at the time, they might have urged a different course. But the real reason for Germany's failure to cross the Channel lay in Hitler's confidence in his ability to come to political terms with England.

An excellent account of Hitler's frame of mind

Private View of Mountbatten

EVER-BUOYANT ARISTOCRAT

IN SPITE OF HOLLYWOOD, it was Mountbatten and not Errol Flynn who captured Burma. Now, as Viceroy Designate, he has been chosen to hand India back to the Indians. The two roles, that of conqueror and liquidator, varied ones if anything, point certainly to adaptability.

If the job were only to be that of a temporary figurehead, he would make an imposing one. Cousin of the King, related to several royal families, he is tall (six feet four inches), handsome, much younger than his forty-seven years, a sportsman and the hero of brilliant sea exploits.

In 1942, after some tough service in destroyers, he was appointed Chief of Combined Operations with the rank of vice-admiral and equivalent honorary ranks in the Army and Air Force. Inevitably, whispers of the sort to which there is never a final answer, greeted this surprise appointment. But the welding together of conflicting Service outlooks and interests was a job well suited to the personal qualities—and the prestige—of this cousin of our King.

It wasn't long before the members of his new staff realized that they were rated in Mountbatten's mind not according to rank or uniform but according to how good he thought they were. This could be embarrassing to some of his senior associates whose job was to build a machine and get it ticking over. Wars can't be run entirely that way.

One young officer, newly arrived at headquarters, was inspired by Mountbatten's informal reputation, to send him personally the draft of a new scheme. This officer was later summoned to the Chief of Staff, who said, in effect:

"The C.C.O. likes your idea. In fact"—flourishing the document—"he's written all over the top of it that he thinks it's a great idea. Yet I happen to know that it will take weeks of consideration and expert consultation before we can even decide whether it's practical. Young man, I wish you'd realize that half my time is taken up with preventing the C.C.O. from okaying bright ideas at first sight. Usual channels next time, please!"

But such awkward exuberance was soon reckoned a price well paid for the keenness that Mountbatten engendered and the inter-Service links he forged. Anyway, he took the same forthright qualities and amiable weaknesses to South-East Asia when made Supreme Commander in 1943. That command—an amalgam of every race, creed and Service—certainly called for someone out of the rut.

As a Viceroy, Mountbatten will continue to be enthusiastic, courageous and revolutionary. There is a boyishness about his enthusiasm that disarms his enemies and thrills the men he leads. When he told his Combined Operations staff of his experiences in the Sicily invasion, he was almost naively pleased about it all. "Monty let me ride ashore with him in his 'duck,'" he said.

Yet long before Montgomery's habit of "putting the troops in the picture" became well known, Mountbatten himself was talking—heart to heart—with the men of the forces he was building up. In the drizzle of the Scottish lochsides where Britain's amphibious arm was developed, many browned-off young sailors, soldiers and airmen felt a new intimacy with the conduct of the war and a new consciousness of their own fates when at a much-dreaded inspection the clear order would come: "Break ranks and gather round me!"

Then it was all "what you and I are going to do."

Mountbatten's decisions in India will be reasonable yet imaginative. He has never been guided by rule of thumb and always looks for the new and unexpected way forward—witness how he outwitted the Japs by fighting through the torrential rainy season in Burma and attacking in the malarious and deadly Kabau Valley.

And of course his accessibility will remain and may prove of decisive value. The reason for this accessibility is that he genuinely likes people. He is interested in them and in seeing as many as he can. He will always remember names and faces.

Hollywood could not have better cast a star for the surrender entertainment at Singapore (MacArthur's languid lounging aboard the *Missouri* smacked of music hall in comparison) and to it was added the interest of Mountbatten's own personal scrap.

As Monty had gone through Africa promising himself a date with Rommel, so Mountbatten was out for Field Marshal Count Terauchi's Samurai sword, fashioned in 1420 by the swordsmith Osafune Yasumitssu and one of the national treasures of Japan. Terauchi didn't turn up for the surrender; sent a message that he was too ill. He didn't get away with it. Mountbatten got the sword in Saigon. It was sent on to the King.

HE is, in fact, capable of considerable feats of endurance and concentration. Playboy he may have been in between war years, but his career showed that the Navy was always first. He had become a reckonable signals expert, and applied the same knack of analysis to sport. His early efforts at polo were not a success, but he made a detailed study of the game with a slow-motion camera, wrote a book, and patented a special stick to give the ball greater trajectory.

His genius is deductive and for things mechanical. He inspired PLUTO (Pipe Lines Under The Ocean) and he suggested ideas for floating docks and the revised architecture of destroyers. Then there are his gadgets, and the best story of these is the one about his burglar alarm.

In 1935 he went to live in a sumptuous penthouse on the top of Brook House in Mayfair. It had been designed as a sort of Berchtesgaden, with a special lift that made unauthorized entry and departure quite impossible. There were five reception rooms, eighteen bedrooms, seven bathrooms, a schoolroom and cinema for 150 people.

His private bedroom was designed to look like his cabin, just to make him feel at home ashore, there were art treasures all over the place and the rent was £4,200. Another feature was its being burglar proof, so Mountbatten alleged, because he had invented the burglar alarms. Well, before long it was visited by a cat burglar—not once, but twice, until one of the windows had to be sealed with old-fashioned barbed wire.

DENNIS HOLMAN

Continued from previous page

after the collapse of France was given to me by General Gunther Blumentritt, who acted as von Rundstedt's Chief of Staff in Normandy.

"Hitler's order preventing us from attacking the English at Dunkirk convinced many of us that the Fuehrer believed the English would come to terms," said Blumentritt.

"Hitler . . . explained that in his opinion there were two fundamental established institutions which, for the time being, must be recognized as essential cornerstones in the framework of Western civilization—the Catholic Church and the British Empire. The power and strength of these two forces must be accepted as a *fait accompli* and Germany must see that, for the moment, they be maintained.

"To achieve this purpose he proposed to make peace with England as soon as possible. Hitler was willing to grant England most generous terms, and he would even desist from pressing his claims for German colonies. Of course, England's armed forces would have to be disbanded or seriously decreased in size. But in return for such a concession Hitler was prepared to station as many as ten German divisions in England to aid the Government in maintaining the security of the United Kingdom."

With Hitler holding such views it therefore surprised no one when on October 12, 1940, a directive arrived from Berlin postponing the proposed invasion of England until the spring of 1941. But another decision was also destined to doom Germany to defeat. Hitler decided Russia should be invaded before England.

Knowing the Enemy: Nazi Version

An intelligence report issued to German divisions on the eve of their taking part in the invasion of Russia shows just how badly informed they really were. The report is dated June 8, 1941—two weeks before the attack on Russia began. After criticizing in the most derogatory manner the armoured troops, the air force, the officers, the training and the general ability of the Russian armed forces, it concluded with this final overall appreciation of the opponent the Germans were to meet in a fortnight's time:

> A gradual improvement in the Red Army is to be expected, but not for some years yet. The Russian national characteristics—sluggish, unwieldy, doctrinaire, indecisive, lacking in responsibility—have not altered. Leaders of all ranks will not be suited, within a measurable space of time, to lead large formations competently.
>
> The weakness of the Red Army lies in the clumsiness of its leaders of all ranks, its adherence to the doctrinaire, its training unequal to modern demands, its reluctance to assume responsibility and its appreciable lack of organization. . . .

Was there ever more profound twaddle?

I have talked with more than two dozen German generals who fought in Russia, and each and every one spoke with considerable awe of the performance of Russian troops, and the originality and dash of their manoeuvres.

German military intelligence continued to guess wrong. Even in January of 1944 they still persisted in producing reports which showed Russian strength to be little more than half its real figure.

The combination of a Fuehrer who planned by intuition rather than logic, a General Staff that was too disciplined or too frightened to revolt, and an intelligence service that was rarely right, produced the elements which made a German defeat in Russia inevitable.

In his next article Milton Shulman discusses the performance of the German Army in Normandy and Germany, and the place of the military caste in postwar Germany. This series is based on Mr. Shulman's book, "Defeat in the West" (Secker and Warburg, 15s.).

PLUCK, STAMINA—AND LUCK

These are the principal factors that determine the result of the toughest event in the British racing calendar—the Grand National, due to be run next week. It's a race of endurance where yesterday's carthorse may triumph over the thoroughbred

by FRANK ADAMS

Riders take a tumble at Aintree. Before now a Grand National "cert" has unsaddled his jockey

PLUCK, NOT PEDIGREE, wins the Grand National. Providing he has courage—and can jump—the humblest horse ever to pull a plough, or delivery van, has as good a chance as the best-bred animal in the Stud Book.

Many obscure performers have been winners since William Lynn promoted the first National in 1837 to bring trade to his Liverpool inn. Chandler was one—he pulled a corn merchant's cart through the streets. And Rubio, who used to be the station bus horse at Towcester, is another.

Grudon, winner of the famous "Snowstorm National" of 1901, was sired by a horse called Old Buck. Old Buck was drawing a gig along a a Northamptonshire country road when he passed a mettlesome little mare harnessed to a governess cart. There were whinnies of affection on both sides; a mating was arranged—and Grudon was born to bring Arthur Nightingale, ace steeplechase jockey of his time, his third Aintree victory.

If pluck and pedigree do go together, so much the better, of course. The greatest National winner of all time came from thoroughbred stock. Manifesto, Irish bred, won in 1897 and 1899 and ran his eighth and last National at the age of sixteen.

Manifesto was all heart. And plenty of heart is needed if a horse is to flight the thirty fences on nearly four and a half miles of "country" and beat a crackerjack field in the world's toughest race. What else is wanted? Good shoulders, good limbs and the ability to run and keep on running.

And luck.

Strange twists of fortune can mean the difference between defeat and victory. A broken rein probably cost Davy Jones the 1936 race. A 100-1 "shot" in the betting, ridden by the Hon. Anthony Mildmay, he was making every post a winning one when the reins parted at the buckle end. Davy Jones veered off the line, ran out of the course before the last fence, and left Tony Mildmay helpless as Reynoldstown thundered past to match The Colonel (1869-70) and Abd el Kader (1850-51) as the only winners two years in succession.

Fortune must also have been with Reynoldstown the previous year. Golden Miller, the one "sure thing" of the long line of Nationals, unsaddled his jockey, Gerry Wilson, first time round. It was a tragedy for his owner, Dorothy Paget, and a bitter blow for punters.

"There's nothing to beat Golden Miller," betting men had said. Bookmakers stood to lose heavily if the favourite, first bought at £500 and sold finally to Miss Paget for £6,000, was the winner.

I shall always remember the great cry that went up from the 100,000 crowd when Golden Miller unshipped Wilson.

The margin for accident is wide; a horse can fall, be jumped on, lose balance through a bump while in mid-air, or be impeded by another animal who has thrown his jockey. Yet, year after year, there are men and women prepared to spend anything between £5,000 and £15,000 on the gamble of owning a National winner. What is the lure?

It certainly cannot be the prize money—some £5,000—since the costs often outweigh the cash. There is more to it than that—vanity, the very real love of horseflesh, and the thrill of seeing your colours carried home as the crowd roars.

Preparation of a National candidate costs plenty. Training is long and gradual. The horse, whether graduating from the hunting field, the show ring (this happened to Don Bradman) or flat racing, must be schooled to tackle the jumps. It is not done in a hurry. Aintree provides the stiffest physical test English racing can set.

Gallant old Chandler, after five years of hunting, was tried in a steeplechase at Birmingham. He finished second and went to Leamington, where he cleared two fallen horses with a leap of thirty-seven feet—a record—and won by some twenty lengths. Never hurried, he went up to Liverpool carrying the last penny of Capt. "Josey" Little, his part-owner and jockey. Little's judgment was right—to the tune of £10,000 from the bookmakers.

Fourth Time Lucky

Chandler was a first-time success. Others have to keep on coming back until they can almost jump the course from memory. Sergeant Murphy was one. Following a war National and two full-dress affairs at Liverpool, he was rescued from the hunting field for another crack at the prize. The year was 1923. And Sergeant Murphy, then aged sixteen, triumphed to make Stephen Sanford the first American owner to win the race.

Sergeant Murphy was bred for 'chasing in Co. Meath—and Ireland produces the majority of good 'uns. There is a reason for it. Horses are brought along with the sole idea of putting them at jumps.

Left out to grass, wild and unbroken, until they are four years old, they develop bone from the lime-laden land. They are then auctioned off in the sales ring and "schooled" for jumping. No monkey business here of taking a fling at racing on the "flat" and being converted to the winter sport later. Too many discarded English-bred horses are treated this way; most of them fail.

Early training tells. Jumping sense comes with experience, just as steeplechase jockeys learn the hard way. The "rough riders," as jumping followers call them, are the iron men of sport. Taking more hard knocks and running more risks than their money-making colleagues on the "flat," they come back for more punishment after bone-cracking falls.

Usually better horsemen than the little men who ride at Epsom, Ascot or Lincoln, their earnings do not keep pace with their skill. A fashionable flat-racing jockey can make £10,000 to £30,000 a year, but the steeplechaser has to be really good to get more than £1,000.

Brave Men, These Jockeys

Aintree's fences are not so terrifying as they appear from camera shots, but they are bad enough. It takes a brave man to put his mount at Becher's Brook in a welter of flying hoofs and horseflesh. Becher's has a thorn fence four feet ten inches high and three feet three inches wide, with a natural brook on the far side. The brook is only five feet six inches across but can be dangerous should one of the leaders go down.

A less publicised obstacle, probably because it is not so photogenic, is voted the most difficult. This is the formidable fence after Valentine's. Five feet high and three feet wide, it has an open ditch on the take-off side. The ditch, six feet wide, is a graveyard of hopes.

For this year's race, owners have paid £10 to enter a horse, plus the acceptance stages of £50 and £40. Another £100 must be paid if a horse runs. With £5,000 added by the racecourse executive, the prize has grown since John Elmore got £510 in the first National more than a century ago.

But the thrill never changes. Just under ten minutes' racing. Yet those who have ridden in the race say it can drag like a life sentence as one fence after another looms out of the mist.

Somehow they do it—the best of them, anyway—the horses with the pluck to jump and keep on jumping, not merely those with a pedigree stretching back down the years. Remember this when next you see a milkman's horse clop-clopping up the road—he may be a future National winner.

as I was saying

by HERBERT HODGE

SKELETON AT THE FEAST

SWITCHING ON MY RADIO for the news the other evening, I got the end of a variety programme. Someone was telling a story. All I got were the last few words:

"She married an American, and went to live in the United States. Later, she came back to this country, and lived happily ever after."

Which made me laugh out loud. It summed up, in a few witty words, exactly what I've been struggling to say for months.

Ever since I returned from touring the U.S.A., people have been asking me whether I was happier in the States than in this country—and whether I would like to settle there.

I've never been in any doubt about the answer. Something inside me always says "No." But when I'm asked to give my reasons for preferring to live amid shortages in this country, instead of in comparative plenty in the States, the answer isn't so easy.

What has this country got to give me that America hasn't got?

My nine months' tour of North America led me to believe that I could earn quite a good income there—an income that would give me all the luxuries I could wish for. I liked sampling those luxuries—especially the food and drink, the central heating and the plumbing, and the knowledge that I could have almost anything I fancied simply by putting the necessary number of dollars on the counter. It's a grand feeling, all right—provided you've got the dollars. And, in my own case, there seemed to be every reason for believing that I could earn those dollars.

I felt as pleased as a child with a pot of jam and a spoon. And when I had to come home, back to England and austerity, I felt as miserable as the child when the jam is snatched away.

Yet, for all that, I wasn't really happy in the States. There always seemed to come a time (just as I was halfway through a jam pot, licking the spoon and thinking what a lucky chap I was) when I'd begin to feel a bit uneasy in my mind. I'd suddenly remember the people I knew who weren't getting any jam.

Conscience Nagged

Not that this thought ever put me off. I've got too good an appetite for that. But it did make me feel I'd got no right to jam—that even if I *was* enjoying it, I ought not to be. Underneath the surface pleasure, there was a feeling of guilt—a feeling that persisted, like a nagging tooth—so that I could never really get my full whack of enjoyment out of all the good things I was having.

This feeling brought back a vivid memory of a scene at home, in my early childhood around 1907. I was about six; and my sister about four. Dad had been out of work for several months, and we'd been having a very thin time. (There wasn't even unemployment money in those days, of course, to help out.) Then his trade began to look up, and he got a job.

On the morning he was due to start work, my mother managed to get him an egg for his breakfast. Dad sat down and began to eat. My sister and I looked on—our eyes following his spoon as it went down into the egg, then came up full of rich yolk and went into his mouth.

Dad took a few spoonfuls, then stopped and looked at us. He made a queer noise in his throat, as if he were trying to swear but couldn't. Then he suddenly pushed back his chair, threw the egg into the empty grate, and walked out of the house.

Mother started to cry; but we two children picked up what we could of the egg from the grate, and ate it. It was quite good egg; and I, for one, couldn't think what had come over dad that he should throw it away like that. It seemed such a silly thing to do. I suppose that's why the whole affair stuck in my mind.

I understand well enough now, of course, all that he felt. In a less personal way, I was feeling much the same about the good time I was having in the States. And I think that's exactly what's wrong with the United States at this moment. That's why it's an unhappy country to live in—even for many Americans. There is always a skeleton sitting at their feast.

We Share Alike

For the same reason, Britain is an extraordinarily happy country at this moment. We may not have much of a feast; but, at any rate, we've got no skeletons. We could certainly do with a great deal more material comfort than we are getting, and it looks as if we may be getting even less in the immediate future, but we can, at least, enjoy what little we do get with a clear conscience—with the knowledge that nearly everyone else in the country is getting much the same.

The United States, today, is still far behind us in social thought. They're back where we were in 1907—still believing mainly in the gospel of personal success; in "every man for himself, and devil take the hindmost."

And when you have said all there is to say about the selfishness of human beings (and that's plenty), the fact remains that, no matter how successful a man may be in a society of the American kind, he can never feel wholly at ease with the knowledge that many of his fellows are suffering for the want of a small portion of the very things that he himself is able to enjoy in great quantity.

In this country, we *are* trying, in the face of all our difficulties, to share and share alike. We may be in a hole, but we feel we're all in the hole together. We feel, too, that if we can struggle out of that hole, we shall all struggle out together—each helping to lift the other up.

As John Donne put it: "No man is an island." Whether we like it or not, we are all members one of another. Individual success, by itself, is never enough to satisfy the individual man. Full satisfaction comes only when a man can feel that he is working with the whole community towards a common end.

And that, I think, is why I feel so much happier to be living in this country, at the present time, than in the States. It isn't a question of personal idealism, or patriotism, or anything like that. It's simply ordinary human nature.

★ ★ ★ **In this John Bull feature every week, author and broadcaster Herbert Hodge weighs up things that matter to the ordinary man**

TALKING POINTS ABOUT THE MOON

TO POETS, A GODDESS; to scientists, volcanic ash; to song-writers, a symbol of romance—the moon looks down on the earth from a distance of about 240,000 miles. Viewed through our best modern telescopes, details stand out clearly, since it has no atmosphere.

★ ★ ★

The mountains of the moon are barren but magnificent. One range, the "Appenines," has 3,100 peaks, the highest of which reaches 19,000 feet. There are also enormous volcanic craters, the biggest, Maurolycus, about the size of Wales.

★ ★ ★

The U.S. Army Signal Corps have made radar contact with the moon. On January 10, 1946, they sent out ultra high frequency waves. The echo came back two and a half seconds later. A radar map of the moon is now planned.

★ ★ ★

Soon it will be possible (in theory) to travel by rocket to the moon. Dinsmore Alter, head of Griffith Observatory, Los Angeles, predicts its military occupation.

★ ★ ★

Since the moon is small (diameter 2,160 miles against the earth's 8,000), its gravitational pull is weak. A man can jump six times higher than on the earth. A shot fired from the moon need travel little more than one and a quarter miles a second to escape gravity; the figure for the earth is seven miles a second. Hence artillery on the moon would have a big advantage.

★ ★ ★

Chief problems of an army on the moon would be absence of oxygen and water, and extremes of heat and cold. In full sunlight the temperature reaches 30 degrees above that of boiling water; in the dark, it falls to 276 degrees of frost. During an eclipse, surface temperature has been observed to drop 450 degrees (Fahrenheit) in five minutes.

★ ★ ★

A French scientist, Lyot of Meudon, has shown that light reflected from volcanic ash matches moonlight exactly. This ash is so poor a conductor of heat that, despite the high day temperatures, at a depth of less than one inch the moon's surface is frozen permanently.

★ ★ ★

The gravitational pull of the journeying moon, together with that of the sun and planets, causes the tides. The water, heaped up as it is drawn towards the moon, ebbs from the shores and then returns to them.

★ ★ ★

There is no clear evidence of the moon's effect on the weather. "Change after the full moon" is not borne out by the records; nor is it true that "we shall have a shower with the tide." "A light Christmas (i.e. with full moon) means a light harvest" is wrong as often as not.

★ ★ ★

But C. F. Hicking, Colonial Office fishery expert, states that a full moon in the first sixteen days of September invariably means good trawling. Eels are started off on their long spawning pilgrimage by a phase of the moon; and oysters and mussels have been observed to open as the moon passed over the meridian on which the beds lay.

★ ★ ★

A blue moon was seen during the 1902 eclipse. The moon's surface, though cut off from sunlight by the passing of the earth's shadow, reflected light from the earth's atmosphere and was noticeably blue.

★ ★ ★

Other planets also have moons. Jupiter and Saturn each have nine; Uranus has four. Moons are all gradually drawn towards the planet round which they revolve—Jupiter's nearest moon is very close to danger point, and may crash within the next thousand years or so. Crashing moons, exploded into streams of whirling fragments, are the explanation of Saturn's rings.

★ ★ ★

One day, many millions of years from now, our moon will crash, and then the earth will have rings like Saturn.

WATCH ON WATCH

by GEORGE IRELAND

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

The man with oily hair and long eyelashes started to bang on the keys as we entered and, soon after, a fair-haired girl stepped towards our table

It takes a wise sailor to know a woman—particularly one whose eyes change colour as you look at them. These two seamen had determined to keep out of trouble. If they had confided in each other they might have succeeded—but all's fair in love and war

THE REAL CAUSE of the trouble began a day after we left Rangoon and got mixed up with a cyclone. There was a lot of damage and our "old man" said that we'd be in Calcutta for at least a month for repairs. We were there for six weeks.

Harry and I went ashore the second day and chased round Garden Reach for a place where we could have a drink. On our way I said to Harry: "Harry, old son, you and I are going to be good boys in this place. I don't want to see the inside of a lock-up again while I'm aboard this packet; twice during a trip is enough for me."

I was referring to a little incident on the way out at Port Said when Harry and I had a ride on donkeys and, tired of going through the streets, steered them right inside one of the posh cafes. We got run in for that and the "old man" had to bail us out at one in the morning because we were sailing at four.

The second time was in Rangoon, when Harry and I met a steam roller one night and left it at the entrance of somebody's garden and thus prevented the dozen or so big motor cars which were parked inside from getting out. The "big noise" whose garden it was must have telephoned to the police, because they nabbed us as we were going on board and ran us in.

Harry and I always got in trouble together somehow. Our "old man" said that as able seamen we were all right, but as ordinary citizens we were rotten. There was one thing about it: if I got into rough waters I knew that it would not be long before I saw Harry's beard come along to the rescue, and if he happened to be unfortunate at any time I wouldn't be far away.

After mooching about a bit we came across a hotel; it was not much of a place to look at from outside but it was fairly comfy once you got in. We had a drink or two with the only guest, who turned out to be a jockey. He was a good stick and we had a merry evening in a quiet way. As we kissed good night, he said to us: "If you two think that you can manage to keep those big mouths of yours shut, I'll give you a tip for tomorrow's races."

"Except for eating and drinking," I promised, "you can consider our two mouths riveted."

"Put all the dibs you can spare or steal on 'Parwazy'—and don't ask me any silly questions how I know that he's going to win." And with that he rolled off to bed.

The next afternoon, as we were leaving the racecourse, I said to Harry: "Harry, my old companion, what should two sailormen who have just won five hundred rupees each do?"

"Have a drink."

"And then?"

"A big tuck in, in a posh hotel."

"We can do all that, Harry, but after that?"

"Let's go and have the blow out; we'll think later."

WE selected one of the big hotels facing the Maidan and ordered some grub. That dinner was *some* dinner. At liqueur time Harry remarked: "We've had a good day, Jim."

"We have," I agreed.

"We've been lucky."

"No more than we deserve, because we are really a couple of fine sailormen when you come to think of it. While we were eating I've been turning in my mind what we could do with the money we've won; I've struck on a good idea."

"Let's have it."

"A holiday at the seaside when we get home. I have in mind a little spot on the east coast where a man I know keeps a pub. He's an old sailor and he'd put us up. What with our pay and the dibs we've just won we should last a couple of months. Just fancy, Harry, looking at the sea all that time and not doing any work!"

"Sounds all right, Jim. The only thing is, I haven't got any togs fit to wear at home; it would take all my money to get the clothes I want."

"I haven't any clothes either. I propose buying them here; native tailors are not too bad and they are cheaper than the blokes at home. What do you think?"

"It sounds all right."

So we decided that on the next day we'd get rigged out like toffs.

After dinner we took a stroll on the Maidan and looked at the pagoda-like building, on the spire of which a sailor once stuck an empty soda water bottle.

"It's a pity they've taken that bottle down," Harry remarked as he looked up. "For two pins I'd climb up and stick another one on!"

"Let's take a turn round the town," I suggested as I dragged him away, not feeling inclined to see the inside of a Calcutta lock-up.

After calling at one or two bars we landed into a quiet little cafe. There was nothing posh about it but it looked cosy and homelike. As we went in it was empty, save for a bloke with oily hair and long eyelashes who sat at a piano at the end of the room. When he saw

What the Stars Forebode

THE SCENE IS SET in the future (choose your own date). The third World War has been over a long time and already it is more than a year since the end of the War of the Planets. Two women are standing in a queue for fish tablets.

"I do hope they have some left when we get there," says one. "My husband eats so much—sometimes he has three meat pills at one meal."

"It's the longevity treatment," says the other. "People always start to eat more when they get to about a hundred and fifty."

"But it's very hard on us housewives. No synthetic offal, one micro-egg a month, and *what* they put in the sausage pellets now I can't think."

★ ★ ★

"Has your husband been demobilised yet?"

"No, still waiting. He's on week-end leave at present."

"Where is he stationed?"

"Australia. In the third Electronic Regiment. He's got to catch the Sydney rocket on Sunday."

"It's nice for you having him so near home. My son is on Mars."

"Really? My daughter is on Mars piloting a jet boat on a canal."

"I wonder if they've met. It's a small universe after all."

"Oh, the queue's moving—no, it isn't. When do you expect your son home?"

"I don't know. Every time we have a think on the telepathaphone he tells me how browned off he is."

★ ★ ★

"My youngest son is in the Control Commission on Jupiter. He sent me a lovely supersonic wristwatch—only twenty tobacco pellets."

"You're lucky. I'm afraid my son is getting mixed up with a girl on Mars. I don't approve of these interplanetary marriages."

"You're right. A niece of mine eloped with a Moonian a year ago—now she's back on Earth again. Her parents warned her, but young people won't listen nowadays."

"I don't know what the world's coming to. If I were younger I'd emigrate to Venus. Only this morning I turned on the atomic pile and there was barely enough energy to disintegrate a porridge capsule."

"I suppose they're micro-waving it all to Saturn or somewhere."

"And the ridiculous idea of sending fifty million kilograms of vitamin x^5 to that star on the end of The Plough. If they'd do something for *us*. . . ."

"And use all their wonderful science to find a cure for colds—I've been sniffling and sneezing for a week."

"The queue's moving. Yes, it is. There now, it's stopped again. . . ."

Continued from previous page

us he started to bang on the keys and soon after a fair-haired girl came from somewhere in the back and stepped towards our table. We asked her to sit down and have a drink with us.

I don't remember what we talked about but it was past twelve before we packed up and made tracks for the ship.

Harry and I walked for some distance without speaking; collecting our thoughts I reckon. It was he who broke the silence.

"What do you think of her, Jim?"

"I've seen worse."

"Noticed the colour of her eyes?"

"Green or blue or violet; all those colours in turn I think."

"Laura's not a bad sounding name either."

"You're right, Harry; and there is something about her slightly husky voice that I didn't dislike."

Harry and I went to that cafe the next night and the night after and several nights after that. After a week I began to worry about Harry. Let a girl look at him under eyelashes, show a neat ankle, and have a whiff of scent about her, and she's got him cooked and ready to be served on a dish. Where the girls are concerned he goes all sloppy.

One afternoon he came out of the fo'c'sle minus his beard and with his moustache trimmed *à la* Colman. "What's the game, Harry, was it getting in your way?"

He sat close to me on the edge of the fore hatch. "I'd like a few words with you, Jim. It's about Laura. I hope you won't get stuffy."

"Spit them out, Harry, I daresay I can stand it."

"You and I are pals and always stuck together, but somehow I don't feel good when I see you making eyes at Laura. I daresay that's the way you feel about me, too."

"Go on."

"I thought you and I could take turn and turn about; you go one day, Jim, and I go the other; we won't clash then."

"Watch-on-watch kind of business," I remarked.

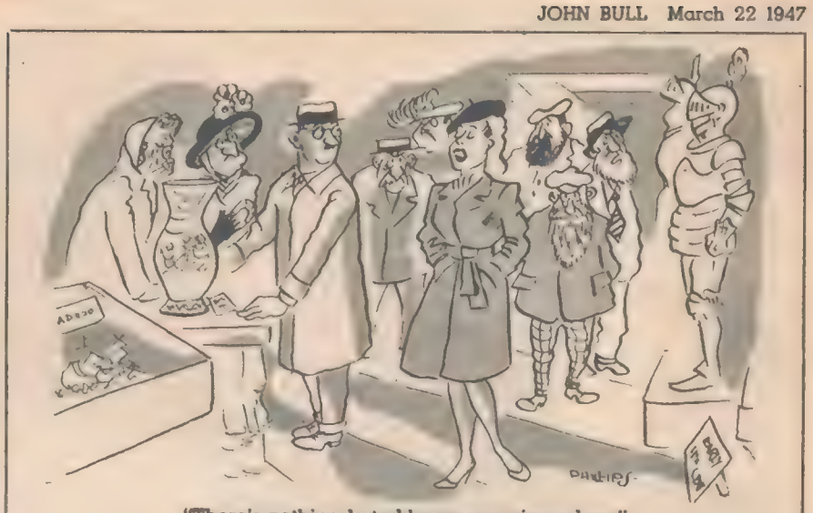
"That's about it."

IT worked all right. I suppose that Laura took it for granted that our duties on board prevented us from going ashore together; anyhow she didn't mention anything to me.

The night before our ship was due to sail Harry asked in a quiet, sympathetic voice how I was getting on with Laura and if I would miss her.

"She's a fine girl, Harry," was all the answer I gave him.

Poor old Harry! I felt sorry for him. But then, I could not very well tell him that Laura and I had decided to run away that night. She had arranged all the details. An uncle of hers had got a job ready for me up-country; all we had to do was to get married and settle down. Later on, I'd write to Harry and explain; I hoped he'd take it the right way.



"There's nothing but old museum pieces here"

At eleven that night I was at Howrah railway station; my gear had gone ahead to Laura's place and she had sent it on with her own. She'd told me she would be late so I did not worry, because the train was not due to pull out till midnight.

Then, towards half-past, I saw Harry. After looking round he came towards me. I felt a bit mean, but my opinion of him went up and up.

"It's very sporting of you, old man," I said as I held out my hand.

"I'm feeling the same about you, Jim."

"I suppose Laura's told you all about it; I was going to write to explain things."

He looked at me straight in the eyes for a second or two. "Jim, old man, will you tell a pal what you are doing here?"

It was my turn to look at him. "Don't you know?"

"I don't."

"I'm waiting for Laura."

"That's funny, because I'm waiting for her, too."

"She and I are going away by the midnight train, Harry."

"Are you, by any chance, going to a place called Makum where Laura has an uncle?" he asked after a silence.

"That's the name of the place."

"And you've been fixed up with that job, I suppose?"

"I have, old man."

Harry slipped an arm through mine and led me towards the station entrance.

"Where are you going, Harry? The train's due to start shortly. Laura will be looking for me!"

"That's what you think! Come along to her place. I'll tell you why. *I* am supposed to be doing a bunk with her by this same train, going to the same place, to the same job with the same uncle.

"Let's slip along," repeated Harry.

ARRIVING at Laura's cafe we found it shut. So we went to another place farther along, which was kept by an Eurasian, and asked a few questions. We were told that Laura and the piano man had gone early that morning and taken a lot of luggage with them. They had not left any address.

"Jim," Harry said, on our way back to the ship, "you'll have to lend me some clothes. I sent all my gear to her place yesterday. She told me she'd see it on board the train. I gave her the money for the tickets, too; it costs a hell of a lot to go to Makum!"

"If I lent you any of my clothes, Harry," I told him, "I'd have to walk about naked." And I told him that I had sent my gear to Laura's place, as he had.

"And did you give her the money for the tickets?"

"I did."

As we were about to step on board, Harry stopped halfway along the gangway.

"Has it struck you, Jim," he said, that our clothes would just fit that swivel-eyed, pasty-faced son-of-a-witch of a piano thumper?"

"It has, Harry."

THE HUMAN MACHINE

by ROFFE THOMPSON

Utility isn't Everything

WHOEVER thought up the word "Utility" as a description of commercial goods did his country an ill service. "Utility" goods are usually serviceable, good value for money and not, in a general way, downright ugly, but no one would claim for them that they rise to any great standard of beauty.

To most minds the word denotes nothing beyond mere serviceability devoid of any connection with art or culture. This is a great pity. It is true we can get used to most things, even to a dreary level of "make-do" and use-fulness, but if we do ever get used to such a state of affairs and accept it as normal, that, too, would be a great pity. It would be perilously near the wattle hut and kerosene-tin standard of living.

Human beings should be on the up-grade all the time. Ugly surroundings, drab possessions are apt to engender a drab and ugly state of mind. That's why it is very dangerous to get used to such things. Ideas come before achievement, and what you most desire is what you are most likely to work for—and therefore what you are most likely to get. We need to get back to the ideal of William Morris, who believed that what-ever is made should be "a joy to the maker and the user." He believed that whatever we have to live with and use every day should be beautiful, because beauty and happiness are inseparable.

So, for Heaven's sake, do not let us settle down to drab ugliness. Don't let us accept as inevitable what is only a temporary evil. Let us each make a bit of beauty where we are, if it is merely to grow one rosebush in a corner where only a thistle grew before.

FREE SPEECH

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One Guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

HOUSES 'UNDER THE COUNTER'

IT IS TIME THE GOVERNMENT stopped this housing racket. Twice in the past week I have been approached by people who told me of houses that were available; all I had to do was to pass "a small present"—£25 was suggested in each case—to the clerk at a certain estate agent's, who was keeping them "under the counter." I am informed that this is now a perfectly common practice, and that it really is the only way of obtaining accommodation.

Surely the desperate position of thousands of families who are not in a position to pay black market prices justifies radical action against this racket.

I suggest that *all* accommodation becoming vacant—houses, flats or rooms for sale or for rent—should have to be reported to the district housing officer, who would have sole authority to allocate it. No change of ownership or of tenancy would be legal in any other circumstances.—MRS. H. OPPEN, 59 Princes Park Avenue, London, N.W.11.

Can Keep their Sympathy

MY FIANCEE AND I hope to be married sometime this year. Both of us realize that the next two or three years are not going to be easy, but in spite of the difficulties we look forward to the future with confidence.

Our only complaint is against people who continually tell us that "getting married is no joke nowadays," and that they feel sorry for us. We could do with less sympathy and more encouragement.—CORPORAL A. B. COX, Morpeth, Northumberland.

Baby Filmgoers

THE OTHER EVENING a young man and woman came to sit in front of me in a cinema. A bundle which the woman had clasped under her arm turned out to be a baby not more than six or seven weeks old.

It is shocking that tiny children should be allowed to spend two or three hours in the atmosphere of a crowded cinema. The Ministry of Health should see that a "no babies in arms" rule is enforced.—ALEX E. WILES, 12 University Crescent, Highfield, Southampton.

Pep Talk Wearies

AS A MEMBER of the working class I am tired of being exhorted to work harder. What's the matter with the scores of thousands of people who haunt the dog tracks and race courses? What are the football pool employees and the West End hangers-on doing for production?

And are the managing classes working any harder? When Civil Servants start at eight and knock off at six it will be time to turn to us.—D. E. GREENE, 124 Edgeley Road, London, S.W.4.

Cobbles for Safety

DURING THE TIME I was a prisoner of war in German hands I marched from Danzig to Wittenberg on the River Elbe. For about one hundred yards before entering any village or town, rough cobble stones would take the place of the perfectly smooth roads.

I have often thought what an excellent way this is of keeping down road accidents by preventing motorists from speeding in danger areas. I would even suggest a few rows of raised cobbles at all risky crossroads in the country.—T. H. RUTTER, 47 Hartside, East Chevington, Morpeth.

Explore Your City

PRIESTLEY'S ADVOCACY in JOHN BULL of bird-watching as an open-air hobby cannot have appealed to most people as a practical suggestion. The weather interferes too often and, as a townsman, I find that sparrows, starlings,

Weather interferes too often . . .

thrushes, rooks and an occasional blackbird are all that come my way.

I suggest, instead, that the study of one's own city is a better hobby. Walks through the streets can be fascinating if you set out to see all that is interesting in the way of architecture. — W. STEWART, 58 Meadway, Liverpool 15.

Too Old at Forty-five?

AT FORTY-FIVE, after six years' service with a Government department, I have been unemployed for six months, despite an excellent record.

When the war against Germany ended, the staff in my department was asked to stay on until the finish of the Japanese fighting. I was one of the fools who stayed on, although I had been offered a good job by a private firm. In June last year I was told I was redundant.

And so here I am, desperately anxious to work so that I may justify my existence, and being slowly driven crazy by the continual shouts for more workers.—JOHN B. LAUDER, 65 Ashdale Drive, Glasgow, S.W.2.

Pay As You Burn

AS ONE SURE and simple way of cutting down electricity consumption I suggest the abolition of the "two part tariff."

At present, in return for a fixed quarterly charge, electricity costs only ½d. per unit, instead of the normal price of 4d., varying slightly according to area.

Abolish the fixed charge and make everybody pay the full rate per unit, and people will be forced to think twice before they leave an unnecessary light burning.—V. GARREP, 32 Menelik Road, London, N.W.2.

Women Should Rebel

THIS IS STILL a man's world despite the enfranchisement of women. There are examples everywhere of the courage, intelligence and endurance shown by women, but what a pity their qualities are wasted in obscure struggles.

I would like to see all married women rebel and refuse to bear any more children until all women were assured of three things: painless childbirth, adequate living accommodation and domestic help. —MRS. JOY ST. L. SHERLOCK, Engine Cottage, Pentie Vron, Coed Poeth, Wrexham.

Nurses' Children

I AM A TRAINED NURSE, married, with one child. I am very willing, like many others, to offer my services in the present acute shortage of hospital staff if I can be sure that my daughter will be looked after. Would it not be possible for hospitals to set aside a room where nurses' children could be looked after by a responsible person while the mothers lend a hand in the wards?—DOROTHY UPTON, 15 Renown Street, Keyham, Plymouth.

Something to Queue For

WHILE WAITING IN A QUEUE at 8 a.m. for a city store to open, with collars up and shoulders hunched against the icy wind, I was surprised to hear a husky voice wheezing out that somebody was "in love with two sweethearts." Looking up, we saw a shivering figure

His cap was filled . . .

who, with a do-or-die expression, then proceeded to tell us funny stories.

The jokes were stale, but we admired his enterprise and his cap was filled with coppers. It may be fairly easy to amuse a theatre queue, but to attempt it with a hundred or so frozen shoppers—many probably out before their breakfasts—wants some doing.—D. LAMB, 47 Burnthwaite Road, Liverpool, 14.

Air-minded

WHEN I WAS FLYING a model aeroplane recently two people passed, and I heard one express his surprise that a grown-up person could play with such toys. When will it be realized that aeromodelling is educationally valuable in this air-minded generation?—R. JOHNSTON, 137 Ellesmere Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Jew Repudiates Terrorists

MY HEART FEELS HEAVY with sympathy for those who have lost their loved ones in Palestine. I am a Jew and shall always be proud to be a Jew by religion and British by nationality.

The terrorists in Palestine call themselves Jews. They were born of Jewish parents, but they break nearly every law and ideal of Judaism and they have no right to profess the Jewish religion.—PTE. TED GOLD, 1084 C.R.S., B.A.O.R. (Guinea paid to Dr. Barnardo's Homes at this reader's request.)

The Girls over the Way

I SUGGEST THAT J. D., of Manchester, who complained in JOHN BULL that girls in the office opposite his spent their working hours making up their faces, should concentrate on his own duties, instead of wasting time staring out of his office window at the typists over the way.

As a so-called temporary Civil Servant, I can assure him *we* are not allowed to waste time making up during business hours.—MISS ELIZABETH FRANKLING, 12 Appleyard Crescent, Norwich.

Peck at the Pint

COULD NOT THE METAL CAPS on our milk bottles be of a dull colour? This winter, on more than one occasion the tops of my bottles have been pecked wide open. I assume it is the brightness that attracts the starlings.—MRS. A. C. RAWLINGS, Esher, Surrey.

JOHN BULL

QUIZ

DRAMA

(1) Which of the Old Vic's stars was recently knighted? (2) Who wrote *Queen Mary*, and who *The Tragedy of Nan*? (3) In what way is Donald Wolfit keeping alive the tradition of Sir Henry Irving? (4) Who founded the Moscow Art Theatre? (5) Which play by Sean O'Casey was last produced in the West End, and which was last published?

JAPAN

(1) What is Japan's national religion? (2) Who is the chief Allied representative in Japan? (3) Which two cities were atom-bombed? (4) What is the Japanese parliament called? (5) What is "Japanning"?

POSTAGE

(1) How heavy may a letter be for 2½d. postage? (2) What is the G.P.O.'s "Railex" system? (3) How many conventional words may you write on a picture postcard for a postage of one penny? (4) What is the limit of compensation for an ordinary registered letter? (5) How much does it cost to post a copy of JOHN BULL to an address in Britain?

PARLIAMENT

(1) Who is the "Speaker" of the House of Lords and where does he sit? (2) When would you hear the cry in the Commons of "Who goes home?" (3) At what time does Parliament normally assemble? (4) What is Private Business? (5) How did *Hansard* come to be called by that name?

BUILDINGS

(1) Which building, when completed, will be the world's tallest? (2) What are the official residences of Truman, Attlee, Stalin? (3) Where did the Marble Arch originally stand, and what occupied its present site? (4) What was the function of the Pyramids? (5) Where is U.N.O. to have its permanent headquarters?

[*Answers on page 19*]

fanfare for Fish

How many ways do you know of serving fish? Several no doubt. But just look at these suggestions; there's almost bound to be at least one that's new to you and your family. That's the great advantage of fish; in itself it's a grand food, tasty and nourishing, and it gives you ideal main-meal dishes in almost endless variety. For instance, try this Fish Shape, easy to make, attractive to look at and delicious to eat.

FISH SHAPE

INGREDIENTS. *1 lb. cooked white fish, 1½ lb. mashed potatoes, 1 level teaspoon curry powder, ½ level teaspoon dry mustard, 1 level teaspoon salt, a few bay leaves and some parsley to garnish. A little paprika pepper.* SERVES FOUR.

Remove any skin and bones from the fish before mixing it with the potatoes, curry powder, mustard and salt. Turn on to a flat fireproof dish and, using two knives, mould to the shape of a fish, making a hole for the eye, to be filled with parsley after cooking. Bake in a very hot oven until brown, about 10 minutes. Insert bay leaves for the fins. Decorate with paprika pepper. Serve hot.

FISH SALAD

Fillets of any flat fish are spread with some chopped onion and seasoning, on the skin side, rolled up and baked. Served cold, with salad, they make a satisfying main meal.

Here are brief descriptions of fish dishes; some very simple, but with a new touch that makes all the difference; one or two more elaborate, suitable for the "special occasion." If you would like to have the detailed recipes, send a postcard for "Fish Dishes," to The Ministry of Food, Food Advice Division, London, W.1.

COD STEAKS

a l'Americaine—The cod steaks are baked, then masked with mustard sauce (see recipe for this). The garnish of chopped pickle or strips of gherkin adds piquancy; cooked carrot or tomato strips add appetising colour.

FISH FLAN

1 lb. flaked steamed white fish of any kind is mixed with the paprika sauce (see recipe for this), heated through, then filled into a hot flan case which has been baked "blind."

OVEN-FRIED FISH

Fish coated with egg and breadcrumbs (reconstituted dried egg) is put into a shallow baking dish, in which a knob of fat has been melted, and baked in moderate oven for ½ hour.

variety with sauces

Different sauces give variety to plain fish dishes. Here are two—others on request.

PAPRIKA SAUCE (all spoonfuls level). Fry 2 tablespoons chopped onion in ½ oz. dripping for 5 minutes without browning, stir in 3 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon paprika pepper. Cook 1 minute. Add ½ pint milk and water, bring to boil, stirring constantly, boil gently 5 minutes. Add 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon vinegar.

MUSTARD SAUCE (all spoonfuls level). Blend 6 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper to a cream with a little from 1 pint of milk and water. Bring remainder of the milk and water to the boil, pour on to the mixture. Return to pan and bring to boil, stirring constantly. Boil gently 5 minutes, then beat in 1 tablespoon vinegar if liked.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD

MF

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems should be sent to "Humanist," at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

Liability for Wife's Debts

"WHILE MY WIFE was working she borrowed from a moneylender without my knowledge, but, now she has ceased to earn, the moneylender is pressing me to pay. Am I liable for a debt incurred without my consent?"

▸▸ You do not appear to be liable for your wife's debts unless she contracted them as your agent for the purpose of housekeeping.

Council Employment

"I WAS EMPLOYED by the local council for a number of years, but in 1942 I was discharged and my superannuation fees were repaid. I recently applied for casual work but was informed that the council have a by-law prohibiting the re-employment of men who have previously been superannuated or who left the service. Have the council the right and the power to make such a ruling?"

▸▸ The local council appear to be able to make such regulations as they think fit with regard to the persons they employ either in a temporary or in a permanent capacity.

Voluntary Payments

"MY SALARY has been increased above the limit for insured persons, and I have fixed up with my approved society to stamp my health card for the rest of the year. But I don't know what to do about my unemployment card."

▸▸ As you are no longer compulsorily insurable for unemployment insurance you cannot stamp your unemployment book. There is no voluntary contributors' class for unemployment insurance.

Sub-letting

"I AM A WIDOWER with one child and my mother keeps house for me. I am going to marry again and my mother will continue to live here. Can the landlord regard this as sub-letting and raise the rent?"

▸▸ Unless your mother has separate unfurnished rooms and pays a rent for them you will not be sub-letting. The landlord could only increase the rent for sub-letting if the house were one which is controlled under the earlier Rent Acts.

Withheld Bequest

"MY MOTHER LEFT instructions in her will that the furniture was to be sold and the money equally divided between her four children. One daughter withheld a good many articles and refused to part with them. As executor I declined to give her a share of the money until she gave up the items she had taken. Now she is claiming her share. What is my position?"

▸▸ One daughter appears to be in illegal possession of certain goods and you can claim them. Alternatively, you could have her goods valued and deduct the amount from her share as beneficiary.

Cancelling Order to Sell

"WEEKS AGO WE PLACED the selling of our house in the hands of an agent, but so far we have heard nothing. Every time we phone he is said to be out; he seems never to be in the office. If we cancel the order to him to effect a sale shall we be liable for any expenses?"

▸▸ It would be advisable to withdraw your offer in writing before you endeavour to sell the house yourself. You should make sure of the exact terms under which he accepted your instructions so that you may be safeguarded against any possible further charges.

Child Allowance

"MY WIFE GAVE BIRTH to a child on March 5, 1946, and I notified the Inspector of Taxes. Am I due to have a refund of the tax paid in the year ending April 5, 1946? If so, how do I claim?"

▸▸ As you were not able to notify the Inspector of Taxes of the birth in time for the 1945-46 code number to be amended, the tax rebate will have to be dealt with by the Inspector himself. This inevitably takes a long time. In many cases similar rebates are still outstanding for 1944-45. You will have to be patient.

HOW EXPERT WERE YOU?

Answers to Quiz on page 17

DRAMA. (1) Sir Ralph Richardson. (2) Tennyson; John Masefield. (3) He is an actor-manager concentrating on Shakespeare. (4) Stanislavsky. (5) *Red Roses for Me; Oak Leaves and Lavender.*

JAPAN. (1) Shintoism. (2) General MacArthur. (3) Hiroshima, Nagasaki. (4) The Diet. (5) Lacquering with (or, more usually, in imitation of) hard paint from Japan.

POSTAGE. (1) Two ounces. (2) On weekdays parcels are dispatched by train, met by a messenger and delivered. (3) Five. (4) Five pounds. (5) 1½d.

PARLIAMENT. (1) The Lord Chancellor (Jowitt); on the Woolsack. (2) At the end of a sitting. (3) 2.30 p.m. (4) Bills giving powers to particular bodies, such as local councils, and not affecting the country as a whole. (5) From Luke Hansard, who started the *Journal of the House of Commons* in 1774.

BUILDINGS. (1) Moscow's Palace of the Soviets, which is to be 1,365 ft. high. (2) White House; 10 Downing Street; Kremlin. (3) Outside Buckingham Palace; Tyburn Gallows. (4) Tombs of the Pharaohs. (5) In New York, on a site presented by Rockefeller.

HOLIDAYS FREE for 250 Readers!

PICTURE yourself and a companion on a coach tour through the famous Grimsel Pass, pictured here! That thrilling excursion is part of a 1,400-mile free Summer Holiday in Switzerland for Two which, with £300 cash, you can win with a few simple words on your coupon below.

Such is the magnificent 2-in-1 award heading the second instalment of *Bullets* £15,000 1947 Holiday Prize Campaign, planned to bring glorious free Holidays to 250 readers this summer.

Cash-plus-Seaside Holiday awards are waiting for entrants who just miss the First Prize; start now on your *Bullets* and win the Holiday of your Dreams!

CHIEF WINNERS—"BULLETS" 1,567

FIRST PRIZE, £350:

J. P. Brandon, 1 Railway Cottages, Grangetown, Sunderland: **In Britain Tomorrow—"Generation" Equal to "Load"?**

£50: J. S. Cartwright, "Ingleside," Clarence Gardens, Bishop Auckland: **Human Kindness—You Owe, You Know!** £25: R. Rayner, c/o 81 Oval Gardens, Gosport: **Pride Of Our Village—Bull—Changed Silkin's Plans!** £20: W. Collett, 84 High Street, Daventry: **If He Loves Her—Peace Wonders, "Chasing" Man.** £15: M. A. Jones, 17 Frickley Road, Sheffield: **In Britain Tomorrow—Maybe Less "Tomorrow, Maybe——"**

TEN OF £10: G. F. Fussell, 2 Sheffield Terrace, W.8: **Sandy's Radio—Faltered, Announcing "Pirates of—"** Mrs. G. E. Lewis, 42 Britannia Terrace, Pengam, Mon.: **Plagued With Officials—Since We Reported Rat!** W. T. Mills, 130 Stonefield Road, Hastings: **Pride Of Our Village—Curate—Chelsea's After Him!** Mrs. E. Needham, 14 Newton Street West, Oswaldtwistle: **Plagued With Pullovers—Mufflers, Chest-protectors—Auntie's He-man!** Miss C. G. Revell, Station Road, Salhouse, Norwich: **In Britain Tomorrow—Show Tourists *We're* "Travelling"!** E. W. Richardson, Post Office, Robertsbridge: **Pride Of Our Village—"Aglow"—Included In Cuts!** A. C. Robinson, 76 Bull Head Street, Wigston: **In Britain Tomorrow—Joy—Spring's "Vanguard" Reported.** E. Ryding, 37 Old Park Road, Sheffield: **In Britain Tomorrow—"Owning" Everything—Having Nothing?** J. W. Sloan, 147 Harold Road, Hastings: **Off The Leash—Apparently Stalin Let Siberia!** J. Willort, 34 Windmill Road, Gillingham: **In Britain Tomorrow—"*Sunshine*" Depends On "*Plant*."**

50 prizes of 10s., and 1,250 prizes of 2s. 6d. have been posted to winners.

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality. 2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators. 3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated April 19, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

How to make a "Bullet"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

£500 CASH for THIS WEEK'S XWORD

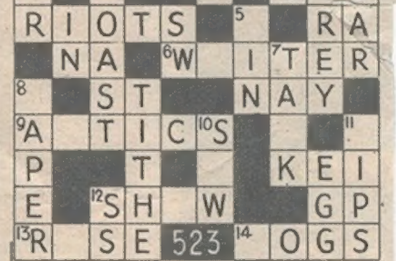
Again a thrilling opportunity—for this week only, our Crossword First has been increased five-fold to £500 cash. Runners-up share a doubled award value £50. Post your entry by Monday, March 31.

Across Clues. XWORD 523

1. Youngsters sometimes owe much to these of the old folk
6. One is often made of brass
9. Low ones are better avoided
12. There are often heaps of rubbish in
13. Gardener sometimes makes one useful as well as delightful
14. Are usually worth more than mere money today

Clues Down.

1. Boxing provides some youngsters with this
2. At times, it is of supreme importance to shut one up
3. Many don't see one from one year end to another
4. Dangerous one can quite well leave you on the rocks
5. Even when pointless, it can penetrate
7. Youngsters, in particular, hate being taken to
8. It's easy for a man to burn his fingers playing about with one
10. Farmer wouldn't think of being without one
11. The day of these has gone



2 BIG CHEQUES AND HAMPERS WON IN CROSSWORD 519

WINNING WORDS.
ACROSS: 1, Stags. 3, Post. 5, Pale. 7, Firm. 11, Oven. 12, Oar. 13, Creek.
DOWN: 1, Sale. 2, Goat. 4, Thumb. 6, Map. 7, Flaw. 8, Stork. 9, Lines. 10, Scare.

TWO £100 SHARERS: G. Biggs, 1 The Causeway, West Derby, Liverpool 12; Miss R. Parker, 51 Saltoun Road, Brixton, S.W.2.

Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between 21 entrants. Winners and runners-up receive £3 Hampers in addition.

HOW TO ENTER THIS COUPON

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Not more than one prize per Contest to any one entrant. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

For this one Square send 6d. (P.O. or stamps), covering entry-fee and dispatch of *Crossword Gazette* dated April 12, for which enclose addressed *Bulletin and Gazette* Label without affixing stamp. If no *Gazette* required, your 6d. also covers second set of Answers on plain paper. Pencilled entries barred.

I enclose 6d. P.O. Closing Postmark, MON., MAR. 31

No..... **523**

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

Another Big Holiday Offer!

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

CRIPPLED WORLD
TO HELP THE MINER
THROUGH THE NIGHT
DRIVER ATTLEE
FIRST THINGS FIRST, SO
UP TO US
THE SNAG IS
WORN-OUT MACHINERY
SPRING IN THE AIR
DAD'S BUDGET
EVERYBODY KNOWS
LIFE'S HURDLES
NO NEARER
ALL WE'RE TOLD
WONDERFUL WOMAN
SQUASHED
LIKE A VOLCANO
ON STONY GROUND
AT THE FINAL
NEARLY KILLED HIM

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions.

IN RUSSIAN.....
WITH MORE.....
.....CHANCE
CALLS FOR.....
COMING TO.....
IF.....WERE BARRED

£300 FIRST PRIZE and 10-day SWISS HOLIDAY FOR TWO

Second £50
Third £25
3 of £10
5 cash prizes above each plus
SEASIDE HOLIDAY FOR TWO
6 HOLIDAY CHEQUES £5
50 of £1
1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes

ADDRESS ENTRY "BULLETS" 1,571 (or XWORD 523); "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

MARMITE

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WS
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dishes

oz. 5/9,

TESTED JB

The Pick of the Crop

Batchelor's REGD. Peas

Popular favourites for nearly 30 years, Batchelor's Peas are coming back to the shops in greater quantities, although the supply is unfortunately less than the demand.

Be sure to ask, too, for Batchelor's Fruits, Vegetables and Soups. You'll relish their delicious flavour and nourishment — a happy choice for luncheon or dinner.

"IT'S THE *flavour* THAT'S IN FAVOUR"

TESTED JB